



# Sports Illustrated

MAY 28, 1979 \$1.00 CENTS

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## Our Plymouth Satellite Wagon has more cargo room than any mid-size wagon in the country.

We've found that people buy a mid-size wagon for two opposing reasons. One: They want it to be mid-size because it's small and easy to park and maneuver. Two: They want it to be a wagon because a wagon is big with lots of room for cargo and people.

Now we think we've put the best of both worlds together in our Plymouth Satellite wagon. We made it mid-size, with all the advantages of being small. But we also made it big.



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If you're thinking of buying any wagon right now, test drive our Satellite wagon at your Chrysler Plymouth dealer's. You'll find out why it's so big with so many people.

**Mid-size Plymouth Satellite**  
Extra care in engineering...it makes a difference





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The DieHard. Available only at Sears Tire and Auto Centers. Or through the Sears, Roebuck and Co. catalog.



\*Certified by United States Auto Club

# Some life insurance companies charge up to twice as much as others for the same coverage.

## Here's how to be a smart buyer.

It's a fact—different life insurance companies offering the same straight life policy will each quote you a different cost for your protection. And if you pick the wrong one you could pay up to twice as much as you should. That could mean thousands of dollars over your lifetime.

One thing you should know is that the premiums you pay may not be the true cost of your insurance. Premiums should be adjusted for dividends, anticipated cash

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So, be smart. Read the impartially written booklet, "How to Select the Right Life

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**Delta is ready when you are.**



Delta's Wide Ride™ DC-10 gives comfort a whole new meaning. Two by two seats in both Tourist and First Class. Now Delta has the 747, the 727, 200 and the DC-10 in its Wide Ride fleet.

# Contents

MAY 25, 1973 Volume 35, No. 21

Cover photograph by Walter Iooss Jr.

## Wild Doings on the Water

- 20 *In the East, Biscayne Bay shivers to the thunderboats*  
22 *In the West, a Husky sweep on a mountain reservoir*

## The Preakness, 1973

- 24 *Full of ran—and flying high—Secretariat wears a crown*  
26 *Full of fun, a record crowd provides race watching, too*

## A Tortured Road to 715

*Both the ghost of Babe Ruth and a spate of hate mail beset Henry Aaron as he swings for a magic number*

## 36 The Racer Boys and Bubbles Go to Indy

*A cartoon tale of goodness and evil, of high speed and low tricks at the grand old Speedway by the Wabash*

## 42 A Bulldozer That Runs on Money

*Richard Pough needs dough to fuel his enormous conservation machine, and he gets it*

## 58 Pack Up All You Wear and Go

*An IBM exec checks his toiletries and tries travel the way the kids do—with a backpack*

## 88 Sport Is Unfair to Women

*When it comes to U.S. athletics, the female has been a loser, relegated by males to the sidelines. But a revolution looms*

## The departments

- |              |                    |
|--------------|--------------------|
| 17 Scorecard | 84 Track & Field   |
| 54 People    | 86 Harness Racing  |
| 64 Baseball  | 101 For the Record |
| 77 Jai Alai  | 102 19th Hole      |
| 83 Bridge    |                    |



28

715



42



58



88



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Credits on page 101

## Next week

**KNUCKLEBALL** is the game Chicago's Wilbur Wood and a doughty band of co-conspirators play with opposing batters. Ron Fimrie tells how Wilbur and the gang do it.

**RECORDS AT INDY** could zoom like the cars there this year as the fastest field in the 57-year history of the race screams off at the flag. Robert F. Jones reports the results.

**VANISHED** on a steaming day in the Florida flats were their composure, their manners, their fish, and something more vital. An excerpt from Thomas McGuane's new novel.

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## LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

The troupe borrowed a Formula 1 car from a Ferrari dealer and spent three days photographing scenes. Then Peak sat down at his drawing board, started his engines and, with the roar of the crowd echoing in his ears, was off racing—this time to beat his deadline. He made it, spectacularly, we think.

Sack meyer

[illegible]

# JOHNNY RUTHERFORD ON GOODYEAR TIRES TAKES POLE POSITION AT INDY



## GOODYEAR STEELGARD RADIALS TO SET THE PACE



Running on Goodyear racing tires, Johnny Rutherford in his Gulf-McLaren Special, took the pole position

for this year's Indy 500. He set a new qualifying record four laps at 198.413 mph.

Bobby Unser in an Olsonite Eagle, and last year's Indy winner Mark Donohue in a Sunoco DX Eagle, took second and third front row positions—both on Goodyear racing tires.

In fact, the five fastest qualifying cars ran on Goodyear tires.

On race day, only one machine will be in front of Johnny's at the start of the race—a Cadillac Eldorado, the

official 1973 Indianapolis 500 Pace Car. It's designed to reach speeds of nearly 130 mph on the 2½ mile oval track—a necessity to get the finely tuned racing cars off to a fast start. The tires—Goodyear Steelgard radials.

These Goodyear Steelgard radial tires, except for modifications to withstand the unusually high pace car speeds, are the same tough, dependable Steelgard radials Goodyear builds for your car.

Steelgard. Only from Goodyear.

# GOODYEAR

Steelgard 100 The Goodyear 100 is a rubber compound. Airtex 800.



## New Sports Posters from Sports Illustrated

### Baseball

- ☐ Hank Aaron 1H1
- ☐ Johnny Bench 3N4
- ☐ Roberto Clemente 8N1
- ☐ Ferguson Jenkins 2N5
- ☐ Mickey Lolich 6A5
- ☐ Willie Mays 6N2
- ☐ Brooks Robinson 1A1
- ☐ Tom Seaver 6N1
- ☐ Carl Yastrzemski 2A1

### Baseball

- ☐ Will Chamberlain 7B1
- ☐ Walt Frazier 9B2
- ☐ John Havlicek 3B1
- ☐ Connie Hawkins 14B42
- ☐ Spencer Haywood 13B24

- ☐ Kareem Abdul-Jabbar 8B1
- ☐ Pete Maravich 1B1
- ☐ Willis Reed 9B3
- ☐ Oscar Robertson 8B2
- ☐ Nate Thurmond 13B1
- ☐ Jerry West 7B2

### Football

- ☐ Fred Biletnickoff 9A25
- ☐ George Blanda 9A16
- ☐ Terry Bradshaw 13N12
- ☐ John Brockington 7N42
- ☐ Larry Brown 16N43
- ☐ Dick Butkus 53N51
- ☐ Larry Cizmic 7A39
- ☐ Carl Eller 9N81
- ☐ Roman Gabriel 58N18
- ☐ Joe Greene 13N75

- ☐ Bob Griese 7A12
- ☐ Bob Hayes 5N22
- ☐ Ray Johnson 11N30
- ☐ Bob Lilly 5N74
- ☐ Archie Manning 10N8
- ☐ Joe Namath 55A12
- ☐ Ray Nitschke 7N66
- ☐ Merlin Olsen 8N74
- ☐ Alan Page 9N88
- ☐ Jim Plunkett 1A16
- ☐ Andy Russell 13N34
- ☐ Gale Sayers 3N40
- ☐ O. J. Simpson 2A36
- ☐ Bart Starr 7N15
- ☐ Roger Staubach 5N12
- ☐ Charlie Taylor 16N42
- ☐ Ott Taylor 6A89
- ☐ Paul Warfield 7A42

- ☐ Gene Washington (S F) 13N18

### Hockey

- ☐ Phil Esposito 1H2
- ☐ Bobby Orr 1H1
- ☐ Derek Sanderson 1H3

### Tennis

- ☐ Arthur Ashe 1T2
- ☐ Rod Laver 111
- ☐ Ken Rosewall 1T3
- ☐ Stan Smith 1T4

### Other Sports

- ☐ Joe Frazier 4016
- ☐ Olga Korbut 4237
- ☐ Arnold Palmer 727
- ☐ Mark Spitz 4022

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## "I'd like to talk to the guys who think they can't install wall paneling. And the wives who wish they would."

Wally Bruner, host of the do-it-yourself TV show "Wally's Workshop", has this advice for homeowners:

"It's really amazing how many men who are handy around the house think the job of installing paneling's too hard for them. Yet these same guys will repaint and reupholster a room or a wall, and labor through those jobs after time.

"Well, paneling's not that hard to do. If you can measure and saw, you can do it. The tools are necessary. You need a saw, a nailer, paneling with Weldwood adhesive, and because you're not used to working with big 4' x 8'

panels, you can cover a wall in no time at all.

"Once your paneling's up, you're through. No more repainting or papering, ever. And you've got a room to be proud of. Plus a happy wife, because nothing beats paneling for handsomeness and easy upkeep. (A paneling job adds to the value of your house, too.)

"So if you're thinking about redecorating, I'd advise you to contact The Paneling People, your nearest U.S. Plywood dealer. You'll get a wide variety of top-quality panels in all price ranges—like this Craftsman®

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Don't ask Wally Bruner has checked it out. He knows that the company that makes fine U.S. Plywood products, and the dealers who carry them, deserve to be called

## The Paneling People.



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Lights: 13 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine—  
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# BOOKTALK

The Fancy may convince you that sport isn't what it used to be—think goodenow!

One thing about *The Farcy* by An Operator (Imprint Society, Barre, Mass., \$40), the leather in which it is bound is so nice that the book must smell better than anything else ever printed about boxing, badger baiting and pedestrianism. At \$40 it ought to, but arena is not all this handsome limited edition has to offer. It also has the most vivid rundown—to be honest, thank God, the only rundown—on badger baiting I have ever read. "Vy, you see, ve puts the badger into this here long box with the door at one end. Then I stands by the box and opens the door, and he then backs the dog drops on one knee, holds him by the skin of the neck with his left hand, and by the tail with the right hand. Then he looses the left hand, and lets the dog in at the badger. Then the dog catches hold, if he's worth the crack of a loose, the man pulls him out by the tail, badger and all, I catches hold of the badger by the tail, the man grips the dogs tail into his mouth and gives it a gripe, the dog lets go, the badger flies up as I pull him, and I give him a neat twist into the box again, and flaps to the door."

Here also, in a more elevated tone, is a moment from a human scene. "Gas having but a little short of his mark (his whisker, I his first came in contact with the tip of his antagonist's nose, and driving the carriage by a side twist so as to dislocate the integuments a good way round, occasioned a great internal extravasation of blood. Cooper's countenance changed considerably, but recovered a little upon the blood making its way to the mouth and throat, where it burst forth, and nearly choked the man."

"The fance" was the term in early 19th century England for the crowd that lined boxing, animal fights and the aforementioned pedestrianism, a sport that entailed such feats as trying to walk half a mile before a man in a pub could eat 24 red herring and two ounces of mustard. *The Farcy*, first published in 1826, was a compilation of contemporary articles. In his introduction to this condensed reprint edition, George Plimpton says that "An Operator" was probably a boxing journalist named Blackcock who borrowed from the writings of his rival, Pierce Egan—who no less a judge than A. J. Liebling called the "greatest writer about the ring who ever lived." Whoever An Operator was, he surely knew how to record face smashes, chest thumpings (on both senses) and general chawings. One peripheral account concerns a young woman who, on being invited into the home of a middle-aged woman and belabored with a broomstick, emerged "covered with bruises and winder." The reader may come away from *The Farcy* feeling somewhat the same.

—ROY BLOOM, JR.

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Dynamics wants to put responsible men at the helm of their own businesses. If you've got what it takes, regardless of age, and if you're fed up with the corporate rat race, working for someone else, Dynamics may be the opportunity you've been looking for. And you may be the man we've been looking for. Let's get together and talk about it.

*Rich Gump*

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President

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The Chrysler 35 is the winningest motor in the national APBA powerboat racing. The 55 offers the highest BIA-certified 2-cylinder horsepower anywhere.

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MARINE PRODUCTS



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CORPORATION

The Chrysler Crew makes things easy for you.



# The score: Avis 7, Hertz 0, one tie.

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- 1.
- 2.
- 3.
- 4.
- 5.
6. When you do have a reservation, we do everything in our power to have your form filled out when you arrive.
- 7.
- 8.

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where a man can relax  
where a man can unwind  
where a man can find friends  
where a man can make himself at home  
where a stranger can hang his hat for a while  
no one need ever feel alone in this land.*

*A salute to America's taverns  
from America's whiskey. Seagram's 7 Crown.*



Seagram Distillers Co., N.Y.C. American Whiskey—A Blend. 86 Proof.

# SCORECARD

Edited by MARTIN RABE

## THE WAY THE BALL BOUNCES

In tennis, the U.S. soon will forge ahead of Australia. That is the opinion of Ken Rosewall, Aussie star. The all-U.S. final in the World Championship of Tennis two weeks ago was a mere prelude, Rosewall believes.

"In the next five years," he says, "America is really going to move ahead in tennis because there are so many natural athletes in this country turning to tennis in preference to other sports."

One reason for the preference is money. Stan Smith already has earned \$154,100 this year, which is only \$13,000 less than golf's leading money-winner, Bruce Crampton. This is a far cry from those old days of, say, 10 years ago when a tennis player could expect little more than board, room and transportation.

"If we wanted to tour," says Marty Riessen, "the only way was to stay in a private home, eat meals with the residents and depend on them for transportation. In our society that's called free-loading. That's why we were called tennis bums."

Stan Smith agrees on the future of the game. "Everywhere we go to put on clinics," the new WCT champion says, "we see millions of kids playing tennis. I suspect that within 10 years the United States will have 20 of the top 30 players in the world."

## SEATS OF THE NIGHTY

Within 19 feet of the outer retaining wall at the Indianapolis Motor Speedway are the most expensive seats from which to view the Indy 500. They will be occupied by some 480 VIPs privileged to watch the race from the balconies of Tony Hulman's new ultra-exclusive motel suites.

"It's the best place in the world to watch an auto race," says Clarence Cagle, superintendent of grounds at the Speedway. "The cars look like they're comin' up your drawers."

Speedway President Hulman occupies the suite closest to the track. There are eight suites on the top floor and 12 on

the second. Only these two overlook the track, since the bottom floor is below the top of the retaining wall.

Rooms on the first floor rent for a mere \$25 a day, but suites on the second and third floors are leased solely by the year at \$20,000 for the top floor, \$10,000 for the second. All were spoken for long ago, mostly by business firms like Firestone and Goodyear. Similar companies with similar interests in auto racing occupy the second floor. All suites are lavishly appointed. They will be used throughout the year for board meetings, sales meetings and such.

## INVADED

Heavy Japanese investment in the economy of Hawaii is beginning to create an undercurrent of resentment there, though Hawaii actually invited the invasion a few years ago.

It seems the Japanese have gone too far by buying up golf courses that formerly had been open to the public. In the past year alone they have picked up four courses, along with thousands of acres of land and numerous hotels. At the moment Japan's stake in Hawaii is estimated at almost \$200 million and rising rapidly. Result: a growing atmosphere of racial prejudice among a people who hitherto had generally welcomed all comers.

When Japan-based firms bought the Hawaii Country Club and what is now the Pearl Country Club, both on Oahu, public golfers feared the new owners would turn them into private Japanese clubs. The newcomers have denied any such intention.

Then a Japanese company, Dancho Kanko, bought the Makaha Valley Inn, some apartments and two golf courses in western Oahu. Makaha West is one of Hawaii's most beautiful courses. Makaha East is a lesser attraction. Indignation rose when the new owners closed Makaha West to the public, allowing only hotel guests and condominium residents to use the facility.

Just "a misunderstanding," it was explained, but a check at the Makaha West pro shop confirmed the shutdown. The position was later modified in a statement that said the public would be allowed on the course until such time as Makaha Inn is full of paying guests.

Whether Hawaiians like it or not, the Japanese are back, richer than ever, and digging heavily into the islands' economy. From one of the recent purchases—the former Francis I. Brown golf course, now the Pearl Country Club—one may take in, sprawled gloriously below, a panoramic view of Pearl Harbor.

## HERESY IN THE BARN

The suggestion has been made, and not lightly, that thoroughbred horses be permitted to choose their mates and breed at will. It comes from none other than the *Louisville Times* in an editorial captioned "Humanizing horse breeding." The writer is anonymous, which would



seem to be a sensible precaution in Kentucky. Nevertheless, he raises an engaging point.

The writer notes that Secretariat's record time of 1:59<sup>2</sup> in this year's Derby is "only about eight seconds faster than that of Ben Brush, who won the Derby in 1896, the first year it was run over the 1 $\frac{1}{4}$  mile distance."

"That," he says, and one must tend to agree, "seems a meager return indeed for the millions of dollars invested over the years in the improvement of thoroughbred racehorses."

continued

In contrast, he observes, today's human athletes are markedly better than those of a generation or so ago. "Track stars do not trace their lineage to Jim Thorpe or Jesse Owens," he says, "and no geneticist, so far as is known, can claim credit for Bill Walton."

He makes the point that since 1895 human runners have cut the world's record for the mile by roughly 26 seconds and that the Olympic record for the 1,500 meters is 31 seconds faster than the mark set by a Briton 73 years ago. "If this trend continues," he says, "in a thousand years or so a man may be able to run a mile faster than a thoroughbred can cover the Derby distance."

The editorial concludes that "the horsemen's obsession with genealogy has been a terrible mistake" and that the chance pairing of stallions and mares "will arouse much more interest among sports fans than all the mumbo jumbo about a colt's heritage."

"I hate to think," said one horseman, "that anyone in Kentucky knew that little about racing and breeding."

It's something to consider. Maybe.

#### GROUP THERAPY

Alcoholics Anonymous has done outstanding work in its field, and in Chicago there used to be a like-minded group that called itself Nicotine Nobodies. Now, in Washington, there is an earnest organization called Bogy Breakers. It meets once a week in a sort of therapeutic 19th-hole session where duffers sit around and confess the details about bogeys they have made. The idea is to psych the bogeys away.

#### THE BIGGER THEY ARE

The notion that the heavier the boxing glove the less it can hurt is all but universal in boxing. But according to a neurosurgeon, Dr. Harry Kaplan, the reverse is true. At a seminar held in Boston in conjunction with the AAU boxing championships the doctor reported that "using a heavier glove is like putting a cudgel in someone's hand, especially if the glove is made heavier by water or sweat. The bigger glove is more dangerous."

The doctor noted two other rather surprising findings: a blow to the side rather than the point of the jaw is more likely to cause a knockout—"a clinical state of cerebral concussion," as he put it. Which helps explain why a left hook is

usually more effective than a straight right. And there is "more damage done to a fighter who is knocked to the canvas and who hits his head on the floor than there is by a knockout punch."

Another speaker was Mrs. Tudor Gardiner, M.D., whom you may remember as Tenley Albright, figure skater. She discussed stress and the role it plays in sports medicine.

"Nervousness can be a very constructive thing," she said, "if it is channeled in the proper direction. Stress has to be brought into the picture."

#### IT'S HOW YOU PLAY THE GAME

Arriving from Katmandu to join more than 100 mountaineers celebrating the 20th anniversary of the British conquest of Mount Everest was Sir Edmund Hillary who, with the Sherpa Tenzing Norgay, was the first ever to reach the summit of that great and terrible mountain.

At Katmandu Sir Edmund had a few words to say about an Italian expedition that just had become the sixth and latest team to make it to the top of Everest. He was not complimentary. The Italian triumph, he said, had been "a very competent military operation, which had nothing to do with mountaineering."

The Italians had used 60 tons of equipment but that was not what irked Hillary most. They had used two helicopters as part of their impedimenta. "We should not regard this as a mountaineering expedition," Sir Edmund declared. "What it is, is taking a group of service people and getting them to work together on a difficult and challenging objective. It's more of a training program."

He hoped that in the future Everest "will be left to mountaineering parties composed of small groups of enthusiastic climbers."

The Italian response, from Guido Monzino, Milanese banker and leader of the expedition, was a shrug.

"You have to face the same difficulties whether you are a civilian or a military person," he said.

#### SUFFER THE LITTLE CHILDREN

The also-rans were cheered as briefly as those who finished in front. This was in Hattiesburg, Miss., where the special Olympics for retarded children was held, one of many such events to be put on this year in the 50 states and the District of Columbia. They offer competition in basketball, bowling, gymnastics, track,

swimming, floor hockey and volleyball, all sponsored by the Joseph P. Kennedy Jr. Foundation. The idea is to use sport as motivation, to improve self-esteem and to offer a substitute for the state-championship kind of tournament that normal children have.

The retarded kids enjoy the games, but in quite a different way, for they have few notions of cunning, revenge, gamesmanship or any such unretarded slogans as "victory isn't everything, it's the only thing." More typical is the case of one little girl at Hattiesburg who stopped short of the finish line to wait for her friend to catch up. Or the runner who reversed direction to help a companion who had tripped and fallen far behind him. The frost-runner lost a gold medal but seemed quite as happy without it.

#### U.S. vs. U.S.S.R.

Impressed by the job Bob Cousy did in coaching the U.S. team in its recent basketball series with the Russians, AAU officials are indicating that they will back Cousy to coach the U.S. team in the 1976 Olympics.

Cousy's response: "I would love to if I could have enough time—four or five weeks—and the kids I want."

#### THEY SAID IT

- Gene Mauch, Montreal Expos manager, on a suggestion that maybe his team was lucky to come from behind twice in a row to beat the Cincinnati Reds: "Yeah, we're lucky. It's just like Tim McCarver used to tell me. He said Bob Gibson was the luckiest pitcher he ever saw. Gibson always pitched when the other team didn't score any runs."

- Pete Gogolak, New York Giants place-kicker, on ball holders: "In 1971 my holder was Fran Tarkenton, and I have never liked to have the regular quarterback in that job. Just the fact that we are trying a field goal means that he has missed a third-down play. He's not concentrating on the snap. He's wondering what went wrong on the last play and worrying that it might happen again."

- Dizzy Dean, recalling Bill Terry, the hardest hitter he ever faced: "He once hit a ball between my legs so hard that my centerfielder caught it on the fly backing up against the wall."

- Boxing promoter Chris Dundee's tailor, who had an audience with Pope Paul, on being asked what the Pope was like: "Thirty-seven short."

END



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# THUNDER ON THE BAY

*Biscayne's waters shivered to the opening of the unlimited-hydroplane racing season as a new winged marauder called 'Pay 'n Pak' awed and eventually overcame Bill Muncey, the suffering 1972 champion* **by DAN LEVIN**

**T**hese of the big boats set knees and spines humming Sunday in Miami's Marine Stadium, but the shock waves were even more intense. Out on the roiled water of Biscayne Bay a baby-faced driver known to virtually go one beyond the roostertails and emergency wards of hydroplane racing was dueling side by side with the champion and grandest old man of the unlimiteds, Bill Muncey. Baby Face, who answers to the name of Mickey Remund, not only had an insuperable

lead over Muncey on points in this final heat of the season's first event but was behaving very much as if he were the master's master. Suddenly, on the third lap of Miami's tight, 2½-mile oval course, Muncey's *Atlas Van Lines* spun out and went unmasterfully dead in the water. Remund finished that and the three remaining laps with an insouciant flourish, and as he coasted his brand new, futuristic, winged *Pay 'n Pak* into the pits, he turned a gleeful face to the shower of beer rained down on him by his supporting troops. Someone made the impolitic suggestion that he had backed into victory, to which Remund calmly replied, "I'll take 'em any way I can get 'em."

Remund took this one because he had the speed—up to 160 mph on the

straights—and sweet confidence to take it. And maybe to a degree because Muncey, 44 and concealing broken ribs which would have kept a less intense competitor ashore, was one snake-bitten hero.

Muncey arrived in Miami in a thunderboat mood. He was just out of the hospital after cracking up in a smaller boat the previous Sunday. That was in Memphis and, as Muncey put it, "All of a sudden the boat started climbing. It went up about 50 feet and came down on top of me, still going about 100. There were lots of other boats flying past my head, some 15 or 20 inches away, and that made it a little exciting, but I kept thinking, 'I hope I'm not badly hurt because there's a big race coming up.'"

At Miami, Muncey let on he had only a bruised kidney—the ego bruises were to come later. Meanwhile Remund showed up with the season's surprise, a flashy boat said to be 800 pounds lighter than any other entry and decked out with

*continued*

*Throwing caution to the winds, winner Mickey Remund gave his slick-skimming craft.*



a horizontal stabilizer that made her look something like a fat, wheelless Indianapolis car. The rest of the fleet was content with the traditional vertical fin. A *Pay 'n Pak* crew member said the wing was meant to keep her going straight. He was asked if it would help in the turns—the narrowest on the unlimited circuit. No one knows, he replied. And he was not kidding. This *Pay 'n Pak* had never been raced before.

Everybody found out soon enough. In practice and qualifying runs the boat was

sensational in the turns. At one point Bernie Little, owner of *Miss Badbeiler*, was standing in the pit tower with his driver, Dean Chenoweth, observing Remund out on the course. "Watch him into those turns, Dean," said Little. "He doesn't seem to slow down at all."

Perhaps one reason for Remund's course-burning in practice is that he has had few misadventures to make him nervous, at least by unlimited-hydro standards. In some 15 years in all kinds of racing he has left his boat involuntarily

only twice. Last Labor Day he was thrown out of an 18-footer at 120 mph and shaken up. "But," he says, "I didn't have to do any sheet time."

Remund qualified with a two-lap average of 119.048 mph, a new course record, while the best Muncie could do in the boat with which he had all but drowned the opposition in 1972 was 113.493. Said Chenoweth of Muncie: "Remund's got Bill's mind so bent with that 119 you wouldn't believe it. He said to me, 'What are you gonna do, Dean?'"

## ... AND A HUSKY ROAR AT THE RESERVOIR

by HUGH D. WHALL

It looked like a bucket of well-thinned blood sitting at waterside on the straw-covered beach. Coach Dock Erickson of the University of Washington drew a cupful and sipped with mock horror before offering some to a passing oarsman. Despite parching 95° temperatures the rower disdained the potion and strode away. "Don't be afraid," Erickson called after him, "it's Husky-Aid."

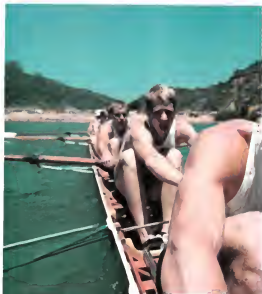
Husky-Aid, red Gatorade, you name it. The Husky crews of Washington drank plenty of the stuff last Saturday, and they needed it about as much as an old sot needs one for the road. Rowing with the grace of sampan men poling up a river—until the last 500 meters of the 2,000-meter course, when they simply went—they swept the Western Sprints at Los Gatos, Calif., almost clean, starting at 8 a.m. with the freshman fours and going through to the varsity heavyweight eights at noon. They stumbled only once, in a lightweight race, which upset no one except the lightweights. But for the thousands of rowing enthusiasts from up and down the coast who had come to watch, they put on a display that, if not always a thing of beauty, was invariably awesome. "They leave something to be desired in finesse," said Erickson. Really? Check that with Santa Clara, the regatta's host, or UCLA or Oregon State or California.

Erickson, the orchestrator of Husky performances, is a man who at first impresses one as being all for short hares, cold showers and chauvinism. Un-

derneath that surface, though, is the real Erickson, himself an ex-oarsman for Washington who early on earned a reputation for independence. Says a friend: "He never wore long hair or anything like that, but we think of him as Washington's original hippie."

Lexington Reservoir at Los Gatos is an azure clup in the valleys and gullies of the Santa Cruz Mountains some 40 miles south of San Francisco. Once full of mountain lions—practicing Santa

Clara crews still occasionally spot a lonely cat there—the hillsides now are left to oak and larch pine and eucalyptus that rise from the edge of the reservoir's waters. Besides catching water, the natural bowl traps heat. It was a setting to make a man nervous—a Ross Macdonald landscape with Lew Archer about to drive in on the four-mile road with its 66 bends that flanks the boat course—and Erickson was uneasy. Washington had suffered a fairly close call against Cal



Big, brawny and unbeaten, the men of Washington sweep over the still waters at Los Gatos.

I said, 'Hell, I'm gonna go and race.'"

In the pits Sunday there was an almost palpable aura of danger—and money. Two ambulances stood by, and behind each boat was its van, full of extra propellers and engines. The props, forged in Italy, were shiny little 11-inch, \$1,100 beauties. Each crew had a dozen or so, not to mention five to eight engines at up to \$10,000 per, originally designed to cruise airplanes at 2,000 rpm. In these boats they would be going at 4,500 rpm, but that is how you make thunder.

two weeks earlier and needed to prove to itself that it could take the upstarts from Berkeley.

The very notion was something of a novelty. The supply of oarsmen at Seattle has seemed limitless. Big, rangy candidates are forever fighting for seats in the varsity boat. When one leaves for any reason, six dive for his place. Washington won the Western Sprints last year and the year before, and the question was, was Dick Erickson the Harry Parker of the West—Parker coaches Harvard and led last year's Olympic crew—or was Parker the Dick Erickson of the East?

Neither, people from the University of

Chenoweth and Miss Bud won their first heat Sunday, but for Muncy it was a day of unmitigated misery. Driving in Chenoweth's heat, Muncy sprang an oil leak on the first lap and got the stuff in his eyes. Even so he finished second. Meanwhile Remund won his first heat.

A second set of heats brought the top boats together, but not for long. Muncy simply could not get *Atlas* moving, an astonishing development in view of her reputation for bugless running, and Miss Bud conked out while putting on a

fine show out front. The winner: Mickey Remund.

"You have to be a natural out there in everything you do," Remund had said. "Fortunately, I am."

Doing what came naturally in the final five-boat heat, he hooked up with Muncy in thrilling dashes down the straights and swoops through the tortuous turns until Muncy at last was forced to give him surcease.

"These," said the old warrior, "have been the worst eight days of my life."

California were beginning to say. Last year, when the Golden Bears were 2-5, that might have seemed foolish, but then along came Steve Gladstone from, of all places, Harvard, where his lightweight crews were undefeated for so long that nobody could remember the last loss. Cal with Gladstone in 1973 was 5-1 going into the Sprints, the lone loss being to Washington. In that race the Bears led to the 1,500-meter pole before being killed by that famous Husky kick.

Unlike Erickson, Gladstone is a stylist. With head cocked, he will sit and watch blade work for hours, picking out and correcting flaws. Using a youthful boatload of sophomores, juniors and a couple of seniors, California gets what it can in the middle of a race and then hopes it somehow can hang on until the end.

Early Saturday morning a brisk tailwind blew down the course. Being technicians rather than power men, the Californians stirred with newfound hope. A stern breeze usually provides an equalizing factor when a smooth, small crew faces a rough, big one. Erickson even expressed some qualms aloud, while still retaining overall faith in his crew's ability to "... just row our old furch, wobble and gobble, ent-'em-from-start-to-finish style."

Unfortunately for Cal, by mid-morning the breeze had died to a gentle, cool whisper. Almost unfortunately for the Washingtonians, something went awry with their plan to merely stay with the Bears early and then burn them out in the final 500 meters. For one thing, the Huskies' start, which had been mushy at best all season, suddenly was just short of perfection. Before they realized it, they were rowing at a torrid 38-strokes-to-the-minute pace, unusual for them, and leading. It is a measure of their strength that such a burst did not ruin them later.



Cal's Gladstone enjoys his moral victory.

At the three-quarter pole they still led Cal by 1.3 seconds. Then, as everyone expected, Washington turned on its superchargers, Cal ended up 6.1 seconds back, Oregon State was third and the Western Sprints were over.

Normally taciturn, Erickson later was as close to euphoria as he will ever get. "This is one of the best groups of men I've had. They're kinda mean, too. We forced it physically, we pulled the boat hard. We rowed the heat. It's a very gratifying feeling." He paused to accept congratulations. "It was a whitewash," he resumed. "We never expect to do this again."

One who hopes they do not is Gladstone. "We averaged 178 pounds for their 194 and pragmatically didn't have the power to beat them," he said. "But we've risen from the bottom to challenger in a year. That for us is a moral victory. It won't be long before we nail those guys." With Cal-Aid? **END**



# FLYING HIGH AND HEADING FOR FAME

*In a mood to rout any opposition, Secretariat rolled around the field to win a memorable Preakness. At his next stop, a crown awaits*

by WHITNEY TOWER



On the morning of Preakness Day last week Penny and Jack Tweedy sat at a dining-room table for two steeling themselves for the agonizing wait until the 5:40 post time. At a corner table for four, Lucien Laurin, Mrs. Tweedy's trainer, was hosting two nuns, Sister Yvonne and her friend Sister Bernadette. "Is this the prayer division of Meadow Stable?" Trainer Laurin was asked. "Well, you must admit," he replied with a grin, "it won't hurt."

That afternoon at Pimlico, there were the smiling and somewhat bewildered Sisters at their very first horse race, rubbing their clerical robes against legions of Meadow Stable owners and fans. And even they must have sensed nobody had a prayer of beating Mrs. Tweedy's Secretariat. With a Maryland record racing audience of 61,653 looking on, the magnificent chestnut struck down rival Sham for the second time in two weeks and ran two-thirds of the way to the Triple Crown. Just as in the Derby—which Sham's people felt he might have lost because of a mouth injury in the gate—the winning margin was 2½ lengths. This time

there could be no excuse, not for Sham or any of the others in the field of six. If there are still any racegoers who are not convinced that Secretariat is the best 3-year-old in the land, one hardly knows where to search for them. And should they be found, June 9 will rout them all. That is the day when, by winning the mile-and-a-half Belmont Stakes, Secretariat will become only the ninth Triple Crown horse ever and the first since Citation achieved the feat 25 years ago.

Secretariat's Derby act seemed nearly impossible to follow, but his Preakness was no letdown. True, he broke no track record as he had at Churchill Downs, but he was sensational enough. His Preakness was the third fastest ever, and it demonstrated the tremendous versatility of the colt. In the Derby, Secretariat came from last place to nail Sham in the stretch. This time, just like his daddy Bold Ruler 16 years earlier, Secretariat was allowed to run on his own and he played catch-me-if-you-can masterfully.

One reason for the record crowd was the natural rivalry between Secretariat and Sham, who stood even at one win

each and who, as at Churchill Downs, were in the same barn where their trainers, Laurin and Frank Martin, were urged to predict, recap, insult, shake hands and come out fighting. To the credit of both, they mostly tended to business, although Martin allowed that he was far from convinced that Secretariat was the better colt. Had it not been for that starting gate accident that left Sham looking like a four-legged hockey player, Martin said, he would have won the Derby and he would win the Preakness.

"The gate episode hurt Sham," Martin said. "He came out shaking his head and stunned. He usually breaks well on his own, but this time Laffit [Pincay] had to use him right away to get position. His whole race plan was affected."

"This time will be different. I think from the three-eighths pole home my horse will outfinish any horse in the country. Never mind the tight turns; they still have nearly a quarter of a mile of home-stretch. Sham should be laying second most of the way and can go to the front anytime the leader tires."

All of which is logical racetrack strat-



Born for speed—and airborne—Secretariat needs no encouragement from jockey Ron Turcotte as he flashes past delighted infield spectators.

egy, and Saturday at least the first part of Martin's plan worked. Sham was second most of the way. The only blinch was that the leader, who happened to be Secretariat, forgot to tire. In fact, by the end of the mile-and-three-sixteenths Jockey Ron Turcotte had never used the whip on Secretariat's massive backside nor even bothered to shake it at him. The pair of them, in perfect harmony as they coasted to the finish line, looked as though they could have gone around again and then set off cross-country.

Laurin, in his quiet way, was as confident as Martin before the race. "If he doesn't win this race," he said, "I swear I just don't know what to do with a horse. Secretariat is coming up to this better than any horse I have ever seen. If I can't win the Preakness this time, on my fourth try, I won't win it in 100 years."

When starter Eddie Blind clanged the gates open for the six survivors of the original 194 Preakness nominees, a speedy number called Ecole Etape took the lead. Sham was third and Secretariat last. Turcotte, sensing that Secretariat was in a running mood, rolled him

around the first turn outside of two horses, a maneuver that lost him considerable ground. But it mattered little. Secretariat took the lead starting up the backstretch and never lost it. "He was galloping so easy," Turcotte said, "I just let him go."

Pincay had moved Sham into second place by the time they got to the half-mile pole, and it was clearly time for his own serious move. "I thought I still had a chance," he said after the race. "It wasn't until I noticed that he never cocked his stick that I thought I might be in trouble." Pincay used his whip most of the way around the final turn and down the stretch, but he might as well not have bothered. "My horse," he said, "can go any distance, but I'm not sure he can ever beat that other horse."

"That other horse" finished 2½ lengths in front of Sham, who was another eight ahead of Our Native, as he had been in the Derby. The only question raised by the race centered around the running time. The track's electric timer ticked off fractions of 25 seconds for the first quarter, :48½ for the half, the six furlongs in 1:12, the mile in 1:36½ and the final time

of 1:55, which is one second off Canoneiro's 1:54 track record. Although this will go down as Secretariat's official time—electric equipment is considered gospel at U.S. tracks—two Racing Form clockers, operating independently of each other, had identical splits: 24½ seconds at the quarter, :47 at the half, six furlongs in 1:10½, the mile in 1:35½. The final time was 1:53½, bettering Canoneiro's mark. So there will always be those delicious doubts.

Now Secretariat, winner of 11 of 14 lifetime starts, moves to Belmont. Barring injury, he will join his sport's most exclusive club—Sir Barton, Gallant Fox, Omaha, War Admiral, Whirlaway, Count Fleet, Assault and Citation are the present members—if he can handle the classic 1½-mile distance. But six times in the last quarter-century colts have won the Derby and Preakness, only to fail in the Belmont. Some new horses may turn up for the Belmont, and Sham may not. As Pincay's wife Linda said of Secretariat in funeral tones, "He's too much horse, that's all. Too much horse." That seems a sound assessment.

CONTINUED





## WATCHING A DIFFERENT RACE

by MARK KRAM

No people, it seems, are as determined to have fun as Americans. The things a people do tell much about their times; consider the vanity and resolution of old architecture or the frigid, sterile lines seen clanking through a new building. There is a certain grimness to what we do for some of our amusement, an implacability that will not be stayed, and at no time is this more engulfing, more stark, than at a big race.

A big race, of course, is the Preakness, and as a social event it is quite distinct from the Derby. The two splash about in the same frenzy, but that is the only common ground. The Derby is primal, a homing for vast sections of humanity looking to shake the cold of winter from its bones, the monotony of life. In a sense it is a renewal, and its music is ragtime.

Last week, looking down on the infield of Pimlico, nearly every inch of it filled with a body, a chicken bone or a beer can, the afternoon did not seem visually distant from that in Louisville, but it felt very far from there in mood and tempo. For the Preakness is a lace dolly of an event, a throwback to customs from a more insular era; it is solidity, and its music comes from a hustled figure at a piano in a dim living room at evening time.

Neighborhoods have always been at the bottom of the character of Baltimore, torn into fragments now. The airtight communal life blocked off by the city's maze of streets got lost in the thicket of neat lawns in the shade of the courtesies. But the fondness for what was, the sounds and smells of a neighborhood, still remain in the lonesome yards of suburbia when evening dies. What once was explodes on Preakness Day.

Orderly and like stone nesters looking for something they left somewhere back in time, they come early to this shrine to continuity that began in 1873. It appeared then to be a routine day in May for a period of national life thick with the gilt of new fortunes and piracy in commerce. *The Sun* was only four pages, and cost 2¢. Its front page told of the first Preakness, and elsewhere it said that at the Baltimore stock board gold sold one-half lower, closing at \$18½, and that credit was the poor man's worst enemy. The ads promised suits for \$11; one in

the classed by F. C., said, to friend Ida. "I want you immediately."

Now on this day, far from when ice cream was the social staple for the genteel and commoner alike, when the streetcar was the trip to Xanadu and a dance was at the end of every line, on this day there would be a singular Preakness, a horse for the ages, if anyone cared about horses, a farewell to its oldest and most silent of heroes (John Unitas, waving in a car) that would be lost amid a thousand distractions; a picnic that seems to be conducted with flaming urgency.

None of this could be sensed at the track early in the morning. It was 6 a.m., and it was not an hour that belonged to public habits and customs. It was an hour for work as the sun, pallid and soiled as a poor girl's yellow dress, started to burn the chill from the ramps and infield of Pimlico. It was the best time: a symphony of snorting horses barreling down the stretch with puffs of ghostly, faraway vapor coming from their mouths, the used faces of stable hands who have spent too many winters in tack rooms, a world alien to the language of promotion and cosmetic con.

For those in the stable area, it was just another day at the track. Look for them later, when the light starts to swallow up the dark interior of the grandstand, and you will never see them. They are there, of course, sending in their money just like everyone else, but they look oddly at the trappings of the day, at all those people who, like tons of torn paper, are floating onto the infield with their picnic tables and their thermos jugs, the paraphernalia of the charcoal grill life.

Most of the largest crowd ever at a Preakness could not have cared less if the races began. They were there for other things: the sun and the music, which included a barbershop chorale group, a Virgin Island steel band, a number of high school drum and bugle corps and a game of lacrosse. They were there because only there on this day can they be so loose. They are there because they know they are the event.

It is a free place, a congregation of solid citizens, maybe just home from church, an extension of the club-base atmosphere that pervades Balti-

more. Even the older people seem to delight in the homey discomfort, and they have a chance to bring their education on the young up to date. The old just stare, and chew on chicken while smiling warmly. It is a sedate group, conscious of its own behavior, and nowhere else do people seem to be as together as those who sweat and laugh and scream and gawk on the Preakness infield.


That is how it was in all the neighborhoods back in a less acrylic time, back when you could take an idyllic cruise down the Chesapeake and then come home late at night and sit on the steps and listen to the street sounds of the hot-heavy night and watch for and see what strangers would pass by.

Few sit on those steps anymore, but that is what the Preakness is about, for all its creeping plasticity, for Pimlico's growing tendency not to leave people alone, its insistence that people must be constantly entertained. Soon, one thinks, it will look and feel like the Derby.

Night falls over the track, turning it back to the horses and the stableboys and those who will have to pick up three tons of debris, among which will be false teeth and almost anything else that people can lose right down to a wooden leg. This is the strangest time at a track, especially after a Preakness day. The wind blows across the infield, and the paper moves on it like butterfly. The stands are empty and dark, with echoes of horseplayers' griefs still in the air. Inside, the paper brigade, silent and tenacious, moves against the relenting tide of scratch sheets and racing forms and programs and torn slips with pencil gottings that promised much. Inside, too, are the stoopers searching for winning tickets thrown away by mistake, boundless optimists unmovable in their belief in man's dumbness.

On leaving, perspective comes hard. A long day, and what is in the mind has no more unity than the swirling bits of paper. Fragments uncluttered morning with its freshness, ticket machines clacking like birds on an ivy wall before a storm, the jockey room with toy faces lined with little-man apprehensiveness, the eyes of the horses at the starting gate growing large with each moment, seeming stupefied and game-filled like those of Picasso's symbolic death horse in *Guerilla*, the starters climbing on the gates like apes. And finally that infield, quiet again soon after the sun dropped on a very special day.

END



MR. AARON... FOR EVERY ONE OF  
THOSE BAD LETTERS YOU RECEIVE  
THERE ARE THOUSANDS PULLING  
FOR YOU... GOOD LUCK IN YOUR  
HOMER QUEST... AFTER YOU  
LEAVE THE ASTRODOME!

**A TORTURED  
ROAD TO  
715**





*As Henry Aaron swings toward a magic number he must face both the ghost of Ruth and racist reality*

**by WILLIAM LEGGETT**

**T**he immortal Henry Aaron, to coin a phrase, was sitting quietly in the visitors' dugout at the Astrodome in Houston, preparing himself for another evening of being chased by Babe Ruth's ghost. He looked out at the pitcher's mound, where an overweight man in his late 30s was throwing batting practice to the Astros. "Turk Farrell," said Aaron. "Haven't seen him in a few years. I didn't know he worked batting practice for them. Had real good stuff." Aaron put his hands behind his head, leaned his shoulders against the wall and spoke what was really on his mind. "Babe Babe Babe Babe Babe Ruth. I never made a study of the man, but I know an awful lot about him. It seems that everybody I talk to tells me a little bit more."

Is this to be the year in which Aaron, at the age of 39, takes a moon walk above one of the most hallowed individual records in American sport: the 714 home runs hit by George Herman Ruth? Or will it be remembered as the season in which Aaron, the most dignified of athletes, was besieged with hate mail and trapped by the cobwebs and goblins that lurk in baseball's attic? As the season began, Aaron needed 41 homers to tie Ruth, 42 to top him. And what a start he has made. Last week in a Sunday doubleheader in Atlanta he pinch-hit a home run, only his third in 20 years, and he added another in the second game. Last Wednesday he banged out one in Houston. He not only led the majors with 11 but was only 31 short of that momentous number 715. He was also several days ahead of Roger Maris' pace toward the Ruth-surpassing number 61 in 1961.

"I was reading the morning paper over a cup of coffee the day after Aaron got two," Maris says, "and when I realized that he had 10, I thought to myself that's a lot for this early in the season for a guy 39 years old. Whenever people ask me about Henry's chances of breaking

*continued*

*The Houston scoreboard offers words of cheer to a troubled Aaron, but in Atlanta there is hate and the mail on his secretary's desk*

the record I tell them that because of his great swing and attitude, he should do it. I don't see how he can miss. But the pressures are going to grow. I hope the public will realize that he is just a man trying to do a job."

But Aaron is doing far more than a job. Rarely a day passes that this grand warrior does not make news. His statistical accomplishments are so vast and continuous that putting them into perspective is as difficult as standing at the depot and trying to remember freight car numbers as they pass. On Wednesday of last week, for instance, Aaron went to bat for the 11,000th time; only Ty Cobb remains ahead of him in that category (11,429). On Saturday night Aaron scored the 2,000th run of his career, something achieved previously by only three others. Within the next two weeks he probably will surpass Ruth in extra-base hits and trail only Stan Musial in that category (Musial had 1,377, Ruth 1,356). And he also will become the premier right-handed hitter of all time when he shortly tops 3,431 hits. As the week ended Aaron was only 13 hits behind Honus Wagner, who stands at that summit.

As impressive as all those accomplishments are and will be, the big number is 715. The very enormity of it is closing in fast on Aaron, both on and off the field. In two games last week against the Los Angeles Dodgers he was walked five of the eight times he went to the plate. In his first 35 games this year Aaron was walked 27 times because, frankly, the pitchers are afraid of him. Enemy infielders overshift, trying to force him to hit to right field. But Aaron ignores them and takes the overhead route—to use the baseball vernacular, "goes for the pump." His average has slipped to .236, which is 75 points below his lifetime record through 1972, but the home runs are coming—of his first 25 hits, 11 were homers.

Some say there is evidence of the increasing pressure in the number of times Aaron steps out of the batter's box, how tightly he seems to be holding his bat, the way he questions umpires about strikes. But when Babe Ruth is chasing you, people see a lot of things they never took time to notice before. And, yes, it is a matter of Ruth chasing Aaron, the old legends dogging his steps, wraiths in penitents hounding him at every turn.

Always one to read his fan mail and answer it, Aaron has found that while the overwhelming majority of letter writ-

ers are on his side, an inordinate number do not want him to get No. 715. For a few of those who wish him ill, the reason is that Ruth is a hallowed figure in their pantheon. For most, his blackness is sufficient to denigrate his quest. Letters sent to Aaron in the past were filled with charm and gratitude: "My dog loves you. When my dad watches one of your games, she sits up and wags her tail hard." And: "One time my brother and a friend of ours were playing ball and I hit it and was going to third base and slid and the base went up in the air. My brother came up and tagged the base. Was I safe?" And: "Could you send a Braves scout down [to Augusta]? There is a boy in my class who can hit home runs every time he gets to bat." He seemed to have no undue difficulties in Atlanta.

But now many of his letters start with the salutation, "Dear Nigger," and go downhill from there. "It bothers me," says Aaron, "I have seen a President shot and his brother shot. The man who murdered Dr. Martin Luther King is in jail, but that isn't doing Dr. King much good, is it? I have four children and I have to be concerned about their welfare."

Last week more than 2,000 letters to Aaron were received at Atlanta Stadium. More arrive at his home. The volume is so great that the club has assigned Aaron a secretary, Carla Koplin, to handle the mail. She sits with stacks of it, opening it, sorting it, wishing that Aaron would read less of it. But Aaron reads and reads.

At 190 pounds Aaron is only 10 pounds heavier than when he first came out of Jacksonville 20 years ago and got a job with the Braves, then in Milwaukee, because Bobby Thomson broke an ankle in a spring-training slide. Aaron's wrists still have the quickness that enables him to flick his bat out and snap the outside pitch to left field, but the Aaron arm is not what it used to be. "It hurts at times," he says. Three weeks ago he was moved from right field to left so that runners could not spin so easily from first to third on singles to right or score from second without a challenge. "I went to Aaron," says Manager Eddie Mathews, "and said, 'Henry, what do you think about moving over to left?' He just said, 'Yes.'"

As for the legs, well, how many power hitters could run like Aaron to start with? At the age of 34 he stole 28 bases in 33 attempts, but such seasons are now just

memories and Mathews has put punch runners in for him in the late innings of some games.

But it is the bat, of course, that counts now. As Pitcher Curt Simmons said oh so many years ago, "Throwing a fast-ball by Henry Aaron is like trying to sneak the sun past a rooster." That remark is still valid. Unlike most aging hitters, Aaron can still handle the fastball—on those rare occasions when he sees one. "Once in a while, when a pitcher thinks I'm tired, he might throw one," Aaron says. These days they try to fool him with breaking pitches, but they still get burned unless the pitches are superior. Claude Osteen of the Dodgers, Aaron's No. 1 home run victim among active pitchers (he has given up 13), says, "Slapping a rattlesnake across the face with the back of your hand is safer than trying to fool Henry Aaron."

Aaron knows the strike zone down to the last millimeter, and he has great patience. He will wait for his pitch and then crush it. For years he sprayed the ball hard to all fields, but in recent seasons he has become a pull hitter. Most National League teams now put three men on the third-base side of the infield against him to stop balls from going through. They also bunch their outfielders by moving the centerfielder over into left and the rightfielder toward center. The right side of the infield is open, of course, but few hitters can steer a pitched ball well enough to roll it through. Aaron is not asked to try.

"I know what it's like to be shifted against," says Mathews, who holds the record for most homers by a third baseman (483). "It was done to me. You just don't change a man of 29 who has meant to this game what Henry means. Henry went to camp this spring and worked his tail off. There were times when I had to stop him because I thought he might be overextending himself. The strain on him is going to be enormous as the season progresses, but we are going to do everything possible to help him. It's because of who he is chasing that the pressure will build. Heck, when he and I combined for most home runs hit by teammates, there was no pressure at all. We didn't even know we were going after the record until a month after we had broken it."

Ruth's revered 714 seems to possess a majesty so great that it might have come to us engraved on a stone tablet, but

continued

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whose record did Ruth break? Nobody really knows. Going into the 1921 season, Gavvy Cravath appeared to hold it with 117 homers to Ruth's 103. But when Ruth hit No. 117 *The New York Times* did not mention it. A week later *The Sporting News* smugly summed things up as follows: "Contrary to report, Babe Ruth did not equal Cravath's lifetime major league home run record when the slugging Babe smote a four-base lick off Dave Koefe of the Athletics on May 29. Cravath, who retired after 11 years in the majors with a record of hitting more home runs than any major-leaguer, has a total of 119 home runs to his credit, not 117 as some records show. He made two as an American Leaguer that had been overlooked."

Further research disclosed that 136 homers were hit by one Roper Connor from 1880 to 1897, and two other players, Sam Thompson and Harry Stovey, also hit more than Cravath. But what Ruth did was unique, and he changed the game. Until Ruth began hitting homers the standard attack relied on the steal, the hit-and-run, singles and doubles. In 1915, Ruth's first full season, the Boston Red Sox won the American League pennant with a team total of 13 home runs. Pitcher Ruth (18-8) led his club with four and Braggo Roth topped the American League with seven. Three seasons later the whole American League amassed only 100 homers. Ruth, functioning as pitcher, outfielder and first baseman, led for the major league lead with 111 homers. Again the Red Sox won the pennant; the rest of the team hit exactly five home runs.

In 1920 Ruth was sold to the Yankees for \$125,000, the ball was given an injection of rabbit fluid, the spitball and other moist pitches were ruled illegal, and 369 homers were hit in the American League. Attendance in the league, 1,708,000 in 1918, soared to 5,084,000 in 1920. The Yankees, sharing the Polo Grounds with John McGraw's Giants, saw their own attendance skyrocket from 282,000 to 1,289,000 and baseball's future was forever changed.

As Aaron moves on toward Ruth's record it will be argued that it is easier to hit homers today than it was then; that the fences Ruth was shooting at were more distant; that the pitchers today are not as good as they were then. But these are merely non-truths being handed down as gospel in the interest of keep-

ing the glitter on glorious days. The fact is that the right-field fence at the Polo Grounds was only 257' from home plate and the one at Yankee Stadium 296'. Balls that bounced over or through fences counted as homers. In the years Ruth played in the majors most of his homers came on the road (363-351), and no records were kept of balls bouncing into the seats. "When Babe hit them," says Leo Durocher, a man who played with some of his Yankee teams and recalls those times with ardor, "you had to have a good seat to get a ball. He hit them so far they didn't need any bounce on them to be homers. Babe Ruth was a fantastic hitter and so is Henry Aaron. He is the greatest right-handed hitter since Rogers Hornsby, and nobody will ever be better than Hornsby in my book."

Joe Monahan, chief scout for the St. Louis Cardinals, says, "I saw Ruth take batting practice a few times. Once you saw that you wondered why he didn't hit more home runs than he did. One ball would be just going over the fence, a second would be halfway there and the third would just be leaving his bat."

"Ruth hit balls so high," says Durocher, "that the infielders would lose sight of them, or gather under them, and when they dropped Ruth would be standing on third with a triple but no farther than 15 feet beyond second base."

When Aaron hit 47 homers in 1971 and also batted .327, Atlanta rewarded him with a \$200,000 salary. The baseball world looked upon it with disbelief. It was assumed there must be conditions in it based on his eventual topping of Ruth's record or, at the very least, attendance clauses.

Well, attendance at Braves home games would not earn Aaron much. Through last Thursday Atlanta was averaging 15,542 fans on the road against 7,581 at home. Atlanta crowds are off sharply from last season, one in which the Braves drew a puny 753,000. It seems as if they love Aaron on the road and are notably cool toward him at home. What will happen when he goes past 700 remains to be seen.

It was in April 1954 that Aaron hit No. 1. (Dwight Eisenhower was President, and the McCarthy hearings gripped the nation, just to put things in historical perspective.) It came off Vic Raschi of the Cardinals in Aaron's seventh big-league game. No. 109, hit at

the 11th inning of a 2-2 game with St. Louis, clinched Milwaukee's first pennant in 1957. The following evening Aaron delivered No. 110 and it accomplished two things: it was the first of his 14 career grand slams and it won him the first of four National League home run championships.

Homer No. 215 has received little attention, although Aaron maintains it is the only one he ever hit in genuine anger. The Braves were playing the Dodgers at County Stadium in Milwaukee with Stan Williams pitching for Los Angeles. Aaron had heard that Williams kept a picture of him taped above his locker and threw darts at it on the days he would be pitching to him. His first time up, Williams hit Aaron with a 3-1 pitch. Henry felt it was deliberate and shouted a few words at Williams. Dodger First Baseman Gil Hodges tried to quiet Aaron, but as he took a short lead away from first Williams threw over—and hit Aaron again. "I got hit two times in one inning," Aaron says, smiling about it now. "I was burning. When I came up again I was still burning. I was furious. I homered off him."

Some historians believe that Aaron was deprived of one homer he deserved. He had it taken away in 1965 in one of the oddest of baseball rulings. The Braves were playing the Cardinals, with Curt Simmons pitching for St. Louis. Simmons was Aaron's nemesis, the one man he could never seem to hit. Simmons threw changeups when Henry thought he would be throwing fastballs and fastballs when Henry thought he would be throwing changes. He could slip that sunrise past the rooster. That night Aaron guessed changeup and turned out to be correct. He hit the ball and it soared up onto the right-field roof in Busch Stadium. But Umpire Chris Pelekoudas called Aaron out for stepping on home plate as he swung. Nobody is rooting more for Aaron not to stop at 713 or 714 than Chris Pelekoudas.

Aaron won't stop. No. 715 will be reached but one thing is certain—it won't come easy. His appetite for the Spanish, Polynesian and Chinese food he likes so much is fading. He turns the phone off in the suite the Braves supply him on the road in order to get the sleep he finds increasingly elusive. There are ghosts in pinstripes, and too many walks, and months of "Dear Nigger" before the great day comes. **END**

NO ONE WOULD EVER MISTAKE THE BRICKYARD FOR MONACO. NEVER! AND WHO COULD CONFUSE GASOLINE ALLEY WITH THE STAGING AREA AT FRANCOISCHAMPS? HORRORS! THERE IS ONLY ONE INDY AND THAT IS THE OLD SPEEDWAY OUT ALONG THE BANKS OF THE WABASH, WHICH NEXT WEEK SERVES UP PURE UNVARNISHED AMERICANA, THE STRAIGHT STUFF UNTOUCHED BY CONTINENTAL CHIC. THE MEMORIAL DAY CLASSIC IS THE ULTIMATE NATIONAL DREAM, WHERE ONE CAN RISE FROM AN OBSCURE FILLING STATION TO INSTANT GLAMOUR AND FAME. IN FACT, INDY IS REAL-LIFE PEOPLE PLAYING OUT THE PERFECT COMIC STRIP. LOOK: IT'S CAPTAIN GO FAST AND HIS TURBOCHARGED CARBURETOR! IT'S GANGER LAO AND HIS PATRIOTIC PIT STOP, DRIVING HIS FUNDAMENTAL VERITIES SPECIAL! MISTER MEANINGFUL SMOKES 'EM OFF! SEMANTIC MAN, WHO RACES BECAUSE IT'S THERE! INDY IS IN THE EYE OF THE BEHOLDER. SERIOUS, SEARCHING ILLUSTRATOR BOB PEAK, A MAN OF FOUR-COLOR SUBSTANCE, WENT TO THE SPEEDWAY LAST YEAR, ASSIGNED TO DRAW WHAT HE SAW. INDY IS THE VERY SAME BOB PEAK COMING HOME A WEEK LATER WITH A NYLON RACING JACKET, AN STP CAP, A FIRESTONE STICKER ON HIS FOREHEAD, AND

# THE RACER BOYS AND BUBBLES Go To INDY

FUN IS FUN, BUT THERE'S NOT THAT MUCH TO DO IN MARY LEW. W VA

LEROY LEADFOOT, FASTEST KID IN TOWN IS BORED

SPARKY DOWNDRAFT, MASTER WRENCH, FEELS WASTED, MAN

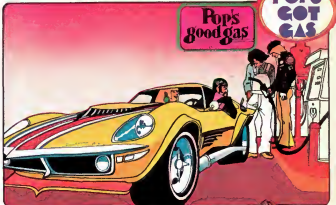
AND BUBBLES LaFARGE FEARS THAT FAME WILL PASS HER BY



AND WOULDN'T YOU  
KNOW, FAMOUS RACER  
RODNEY EVIL (MEAN ROO  
TO HIS FANS EVERY  
WHERE) IS ALWAYS MEE-  
OLING THEM

"COME AND SEE WE WIN  
THE INDY 500. PUNKS  
I'LL GET YOU SEATS IN  
GRANOSTAND O."

SUDDENLY A BIG IDEA  
STRIKES SPARKY SNAP!  
WE'LL BUILD OUR VERY  
OWN INDY CAR!

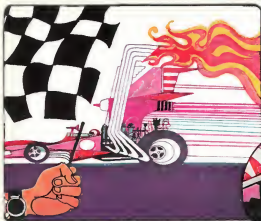


"I SHALL DRIVE IT ON TO  
VICTORY," LEROY SAYS,  
MODESTLY.

"AND I," SAYS RUBBLES,  
PEELING QUICKLY, "WILL  
BE THE GOLDEN GIRL  
ORUM MAJORETTE IN THE  
BIG, COLORFUL, TRADI-  
TIONAL PRE-RACE PA-  
RADE. HERE IS MY COS-  
TUME, YOU GUYS!"

TWO WEEKS LATER (HAV-  
ING CONVERTED POP'S  
VALVE-IN-HEAD, AIR-  
COOLED FRANKLIN)





THEY LAUGHED WHEN  
ROOKIE LERDY ROLLED  
OUT BUT HE QUALIFIED  
IN 33RD STARTING SPOT.  
(THAT'S THE LAST ROW,  
ON THE RIGHT.)



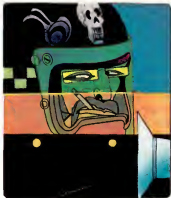
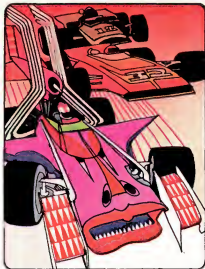
BUT ON RACE DAY, WHILE  
BUBBLES LED THE BIG  
PURDUE MARCHING  
BAND, RODNEY DID AN  
EVIL THING. HE PUT A  
MICKEY IN THE VICTORY  
MILK!



"GENTLEMEN, UHHH, CAN  
YOU HEAR ME WAY BACK  
THERE, LERDY? START  
YOUR ENGINES!" AND  
AWAY THEY GO!

"THEY'RE RACING HUB TO  
WHEEL, YOU SPEED HUN-  
GRY, THRILL-CRAZED  
FANS! AND WILL YOU  
LOOK AT THE ROOKIE KID  
COME ON!"





WHEELING, DARTING,  
DEALING, DUCKING,  
DODGING, LEROY PLUNGES  
THROUGH THE PACK  
(“JUST WAIT UNTIL THE  
POISONED PIT STOP,”  
SNEERS ROONEY EVIL.)



AND SURE ENOUGH, LE-  
ROY LEADFOOT LEAPS  
INTO THE LEAD WITH  
JUST FIVE LAPS LEFT!



JUST A QUICK SIP OF MILK AND... AAAAAHHH!

IS EVERYTHING LOST? NO, NEVER! OVER THE PIT WALL AND INTO THE RACE CAR COMES BUBBLES (IN HER MOMEX FIREPROOF BOOTS). "CHANGE LEROY'S OIL, SPARKY," SHE CRIES GAILY. "I'LL FINISH THE RACE! MY, ISN'T THIS A CUNNING LITTLE CRASH HELMET?"



VROOOOOOM! TAKE THAT, YOU' NASTY OLD MILK POISONER!

SPARKY AND LEROY, FEELING MUCH BETTER, SHARE THE INDY SPOTLIGHT WINNERS OF THE AMERICAN DREAM!

BUT WHAT OF BUBBLES? NEVER FEAR, SHE'LL BE BACK IN FACT, NEXT YEAR BUBBLES WILL DRIVE AND RODNEY EVIL WILL LEAD THE BIG COLORFUL, TRADITIONAL PRE-RACE PARADE.

"LOOK FOR ME. MY CAR WILL HAVE PINK AIRFOILS AND FALSE EYELASHES."



IT WILL STILL BE INDY: THE BLASTS OF SPEED, THE LUSTY ROAR OF THE THRILL-HUNGRY CROWD, THE SMELL OF THE FRIED CHICKEN. . . .

BUT, SOMEHOW, IT WON'T BE THE SAME

NEXT YEAR. GENTLEMEN—AND BUBBLES—START YOUR ENGINES.

# AN EARTH-SAVING BULLDOZER THAT RUNS ON MONEY

Richard Pough, a true ward of Mother Nature, is as tough—and well organized—as the old lady herself *by ROBERT H. BOYLE*



**I**t may well be that Richard H. Pough—rhymes with dough—is the most effective and least publicized conservationist in the U.S. Surely he must hold a record for conservation organizations joined; he spends \$1,400 a year for dues alone. He holds office or a directorship in a couple of dozen of them. And right now he is president of four: the Natural Area Council, the Open Space Institute, Defenders of Wildlife and America the Beautiful Fund. In this multitude of capacities he has helped raise money and inspire citizens' groups across the country to rescue tract after tract from the developer's bulldozer and lumberman's saw. He cannot estimate the acreage whose fate he has influenced, but the names roll by like a gazetteer: Florida's Corkscrew cypress swamp, Island Beach State Park in New Jersey, the Calaveras sugar-pine stand in California, Aravaipa Canyon in Arizona, the Eagle Lake Aitwater's prairie chicken sanctuary in Texas, and on and on.

Such matters have been his life's interest. Just ask Mrs. Pough. One day before their marriage years ago, he took her down to the Jersey shore to watch birds. Spotting something that appeared to be whalewash on the trunk of a tree, he informed her there was a hawk's acorn above. Later he showed her some pellets on the ground. "Look, Moira," he said. "Owls." As they were driving back that evening through Newark, Moira noticed something on the street and said, "Elephants have been here." Pough dismissed her observation out of hand, but a block later 20 elephants appeared, marching into town for the circus. Moira recalls. "He shouted, 'Elephants! You were right! Elephants!' Soon after Dick proposed to me."

Many men his age—he was 69 last month—would be satisfied with what he has achieved, but not Pough. At present he is hot after the Congaree Swamp in South Carolina where landlocked striped bass from Lake Manon spawn,



and he is pushing for a tall-grass prairie national park in the Flint Hills of Kansas. Indeed, his big ambition is to establish preserves in every one of the 116 different ecological units in the conterminous 48 states, on the grounds that the organisms there are "biological treasures," the products of billions of years of evolutionary development. "Scarcely a week goes by that I don't read of some new use for a once obscure mold, bacteria, plant or animal," Pough says. "Compared to chemistry, biology is in its infancy, but unlike chemical elements these biological elements can never be produced again once they are lost. That is one reason to save them. I also believe we have a moral obligation."

Those who think Pough cannot achieve his big ambition might not be reckoning with his single-mindedness. For example, shortly after World War II he and his longtime naturalist friend, Roger Tory Peterson, toured Europe together and decided to inspect the Camargue, the great marsh at the mouth of the Rhone in the south of France. Both Pough and Peterson were so preoccupied with their exploring that they kept pushing farther in, until they came upon the exploded carcass of a cow. They suddenly realized they had ventured into a prohibited area that had been mined by the Germans. As they both stood stock-still, Peterson, who had spent the war as an Army draftsman drawing enemy mines, recalled his experience and explained to the rigid Pough that this had given him some insight into the German military mind. The Germans, he said, would have planted the mines beneath the tussocks rather than in the surrounding mud. Pough disagreed. Peterson, he feels, is sometimes vague about non-birding matters, and Pough argued that his friend had it wrong. The Germans, Pough said, would have mined the mud not the tussocks. The two men could reach no agreement so they gingerly attempted to retrace their steps, with Peterson taking the mud route and Pough going from tussock to tussock, each expecting the other to be blown sky high. "I can laugh now," Pough says, "but it was no joke then. We had to go a quarter of a mile."

On another occasion, while leading a

nature tour of Greece, Pough and his companions stepped off their bus to picnic along a poplar-lined causeway at Marathon. Unknown to the picnickers, the Greek air force had set up oil drums as strafing targets in an adjacent field. Pough was commenting on a great reed warbler when the first plane came roaring in. Despite the racket from the machine guns, Pough kept talking while the members of the group sat tight. By the time Pough had exhausted the subject of the great reed warbler, the strafing had stopped. Everyone got back aboard the bus feeling he had learned a good deal. "It takes a lot to upset bird people," Pough says.



ONE MUST KEEP AN EAGLE EYE ON OWLS

Pough's debonair manner and wide-ranging expertise put him in demand as a lecturer, and he is a prolific author as well. He has written numerous articles in addition to his noted three-volume work, *Audubon Water Bird Guide*, *Audubon Land Bird Guide* and *Audubon Western Bird Guide*, which have sold more than a million copies so far. Unlike *A Field Guide to the Birds*, written by Peterson, Pough's books are artfully compressed encyclopedias designed to give the reader insights into each bird's role in the ecosystem. Pough, who disdains the nature-trail school of identification because it smacks of environmental stamp collecting, is big on people getting

the whole picture of the dynamics of nature, from fungi to cloud cover. As befits his MIT training, he treats a forest as a chemical factory powered by the sun.

Pough's ties to his various organizations and activities are literal ones. To discover who he is today, one need only look at his necktie or tiepin. Should he attend a meeting of the Bahamas National Trust, of which he is a founder-member by act of the assembly, he will show up in Nassau sporting a tie patterned with flamingos. At an Audubon directors meeting, he wears either a swallow or an avocet tie and for the Marine Resources Committee—of which he is vice-chairman—a whale of a tie sets the right mood.

Whenever Pough meets with the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers, he adorns his tie, be it fish or fowl, with the pin of Tau Beta Pi, the engineering honorary society equivalent of Phi Beta Kappa. A few years ago, while attending a meeting of the Thorne Ecological Institute (Pough is a trustee of that organization), he wore his Tau Beta Pi pin and much impressed General William F. Cassidy, then chief of the Corps of Engineers. "Pough, are you an engineer?" asked the general, who was used to fending off wild-eyed antagonists of pure dickerbird background. Pough purringly allowed that he was an honor graduate in chemical engineering from MIT, class of '26. Every morning he went to breakfast with the general, where he conducted what amounted to an environmental lecture. Six months later Pough learned that

his tiepin and lectures had scored when a friend from Washington exclaimed, "You've brainwashed General Cassidy! All he's talking about is ecology!" Two years ago Pough and five other prominent conservationists were named to the new Environmental Advisory Board to the chief of the Corps of Engineers, and Pough has not wasted that opportunity. He has gotten a grant from the Ford Foundation to retain Lester MacNamara, the retired fish and game director of New Jersey, to work, as Pough puts it, "up and down the coast with the corps to make sure that its eyes are fully opened to what it might do in a constructive way. My position on the board

continued

enables me to backstop MacNamara if he runs into trouble."

Pough's primary occupation is president of the Natural Area Council, an umbrella conservation organization funded by contributions from foundations. His method is to concentrate on specific goals. "You get a lot of prima donnas in conservation who want to save the world and solve all the problems," he says. "Too many conservationists are purely emotional. They stand around wringing their hands and name calling, and then they don't come up with a single accomplishment. I try to get people to concentrate on one given area of concern: a forest, a marsh, a species of wildlife. Instead of saying all is lost and just standing around, I ask, 'Well, who owns it? Let's go and buy it. Let's save it!' And I show people how to do this, how to take advantage of tax write-offs, how to raise money. And when they do it, I move on to the next thing."

Whenever Pough hears of a new project, or a tract to be saved, or the name of a newcomer active in any field of conservation, he jots the data down on a note pad that he always carries. He also does the same should he read or hear about

an interesting fact, say the amount of boron in a detergent. At the end of the day he enters all the information on index cards which he then files under the headings of people, places and facts. He also cross-references the cards geographically so that if he finds himself going off on a trip to Idaho, for example, he can reach into the file for the Idaho cards and, after disposing of whatever conservation business brought him to Boise in the first place, begin making calls on strangers, saying, "Hello, I'm Richard Pough, and I'm very much interested in what you're doing with grizzly bears."

On occasion, Pough will also jot down some rule of conduct for himself and enter it in the file under the subheading of "Values." Some of these injunctions to himself read: "Don't talk, talk, talk; let your dinner companion shine," "Never make hasty identifications in the field" and, "If you don't know something, admit it. The dumber you admit you are, the more you learn."

Pough credits his thrust in life to his mother, a biology teacher and a graduate of MIT, as was his father, Francis Harvey Pough, who taught chemistry. Pough was born in Brooklyn, but his

mother always impressed upon him that his forebears dated back to the Pilgrims, that the United States was *his* country and that whenever he found a wrong, he was to right it. "She was a typical Boston woman of determination, a suffragette, all the right things," says Pough.

After attending schools in Brooklyn and St. Louis, where his parents moved while he was in his teens, Pough enrolled at Washington University and then transferred to MIT. "MIT was a snap for me," he says. "I can't understand why it has a reputation for being so tough. It took me only 10 minutes after classes to get my work out of the way, and I went to all the deb parties at night and birding every weekend." After graduating, Pough shifted a few streets westward in Cambridge to the Harvard Graduate School, where he primarily studied Oriental art at the Fogg Museum for a year before taking a job as an engineer at a sulfuric acid plant in Port Arthur, Texas. He found this work not in the least challenging and he got himself appointed night superintendent so he could study birds during the day on the beach between Port Arthur and Galveston.

Tiring of Texas, Pough went to Europe, where he studied birds and art, and then returned to St. Louis to work for a foundry. When it went bankrupt during the Depression, he moved on to Philadelphia where he bought a photographic equipment company at a bankruptcy sale and nursed it back to financial health before turning it over to his youngest brother, Harold, several years later. While in Philadelphia, Pough not only resumed his natural history interests, but also served as president of the local MIT club where he became friends with such alumni as Pierre and Irénée du Pont. In time he got to know most of the du Ponts, including Crawford Greenwalt, who became president of E.I. du Pont de Nemours and Company and who also has done a superb photographic study of hummingbirds in flight.

"Crawford has an engineer's mind," says Pough, "and he was interested in the technical problems of motion. What better way to study this than hummingbirds? I remember one night when I was having dinner at his house. There was a startling bang and flash of light every once in a while from a nearby room, and finally his wife Margaretta said, 'Pay no attention to that, Crawford is doing time-lapse photography of an orchid

*continued*

"PAY NO ATTENTION TO THAT. CRAWFORD IS DOING HIS ORCHID PHOTOGRAPHY"



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A red and white Uniroyal Thrill Drivers car is shown in mid-air, having just launched from a ramp. The car is angled upwards, with its front end higher than its rear. The words "UNIROYAL" and "THRILL DRIVERS" are printed in large, bold letters on the side of the car. A driver is visible inside the cockpit. In the background, a flagpole with a red flag is visible against a cloudy sky.

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And we feel confident  
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**UNI**



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and responsiveness,  
the way they handle on  
the track, the way  
those steel belts hold  
up under stress, we  
figure the odds are in  
our favor.

**Al:** So if you have  
some rough driving  
to do, like getting  
on the turnpike at  
rush hour, or stopping  
short in traffic, buy  
Uniroyals. Don't push  
your luck.

**ROY AL**

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**WINNEBAGO**

opening. That's the camera going off."

Pough's entrée to the big rich has stood him in good stead in the cause of conservation. A friend says, "The essence of charm is Dick Pough talking to an elderly moneyed lady." Pough shrugs off such comments, remarking, "The rich people I know are public-spirited and great."

One spring day in Philadelphia while Pough was reading the *Wilson Bulletin*, he noted that returns from goshawk bounties were curiously clustered near Pottstown, Pa. Suspecting something wrong, Pough went to Pottstown where he was told, "You must want to go to Hawk Mountain. That's where we shoot hawks."

Pough went up to the mountain, and there were 100 Pennsylvania hunters firing away. "I tried to get the state to do something—hawks were not protected—on the grounds that Sunday shooting was prohibited," Pough says. "No luck. I even tried to get help from the Lord's Day Alliance, but no luck. I spoke about the shooting at a joint meeting of the Audubon and Linnaean societies in New York, and a Mrs. Rosalie Edge, who was in the audience, called me some months later to say, 'Could you meet me there at Hawk Mountain with a real estate man?' I said I certainly could, and we wound up negotiating purchases of 1,295 acres at \$1.50 an acre."

Turning Hawk Mountain into a sanctuary proved a boon to the area. The old gumming stands became observation posts, and boardinghouses did capacity business. More than 20,000 hawks, eagles and vultures have been recorded flying along this single ridge in the course of each fall, and the sight of them stimulated study into the previously unknown migratory routes of Eastern birds of prey, now plotted as running along the Appalachians from northern New England and the Catskills down into Alabama to the Gulf of Mexico. More important, the public began to appreciate that birds of prey were not creatures to be condemned and shot, but predators that have a necessary place in the ecosystem. (Pough is quite fond of predators. His secret ambition is to rescow the East with cougars. "Think of what they would do to control the deer herds," he says.)

Pough's saving of Hawk Mountain

prompted an invitation, which he accepted, to join the National Audubon Society as the director of a campaign to protect persecuted species. He undertook the task with characteristic zest.

While at Audubon, Pough made another of his unusual contributions to conservation. He met a Consolidated Edison salesman named Joe Hickey who was interested in birds of prey and used to drop by the Audubon library after work. Hickey lacked funds to continue his education, but Pough urged him to seek out Aldo Leopold, then the professor of game management at the University of Wisconsin. Leopold got money for Hickey to continue his schooling and Hickey eventually got his doctorate, succeeded Leopold's position at Wisconsin and authored the definitive study of the effects of DDT on the peregrine falcon.

Appropriately, to bring the matter full circle, Pough was among the first conservationists to sound alarms about the dangers of DDT. In 1945 Pough, then the Audubon Society's ecologist, warned that when and if the Federal Government released DDT for civilian use, nontarget insects, fishes, frogs and birds would suffer.

As with Hickey, Pough had luck with another drop-in, Charles Broley, a 60-year-old retired banker from Winnipeg. While on the way to his retirement home in Florida, Broley stopped by to see Pough in New York with the idea that he could do something useful. Pough suggested that Broley band eagles. Very little work had been done on eagles; only 58 had ever been banded. Broley, who knew next to nothing about eagles, which put him on an equal footing with most experts, agreed to try and headed south with bands and a few words of advice, both provided by Pough.

In Florida, Broley set to work. Using a rope ladder to climb up through tree branches, he began banding bald eagles with a vengeance. Pough had told him that no eagle or other bird of prey would ever attack with its beak but would instead try to claw with its talons. Despite Pough's warning, Broley turned his back a few times on great horned owls, which are fond of taking over eagles' nests, and was slashed twice. Once an owl struck from behind, ripping into his right shoulder and almost knocking him from the tree. But nothing deterred Broley. By the



POUGH, HOT ON THE TRAIL OF DOUGH

time of his death in his late 70s, he had banded more than 1,200 bald eagles, including one confused female that was trying to hatch a rubber ball.

In 1954 Pough sought to have the Audubon Society save the Corkscrew cypress swamp in Florida. But John Baker, then the Audubon president, doubted sufficient money could be raised and put the project off. With only 10 days remaining before a lumber company would start logging the swamp, Pough asked Baker if he could have a crack at raising the necessary \$145,000 for purchase. With a doubtful laugh, Baker told Pough to try. "I talked to Theodore Edison, the son of the inventor, and he said he'd put in some money," Pough recalls. "I spoke to Horace Albright, a friend of John D. Rockefeller Jr., and told him that Mr. Rockefeller should contribute, I said, 'The cypress is the redwood of the East.' Word came back that Rockefeller would put up half. Rockefeller always puts up half. Then I got Paul Mellon's Old Dominion Foundation to contribute, and we beat the deadline by one day. But what got me is that Baker wanted Rockefeller's pledge in writing!"

In 1948 Pough left Audubon to become chairman of the department of conservation and general ecology at the American Museum of Natural History, where his brother Frederick, author of the *Fish Guide to Rocks and Minerals*, was curator of the department of physical geology. Pough planned and supervised the exhibits in the Hall of North

continued

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### EARTH SAVER *continued*

American Forests, in which he demonstrated forest dynamics by showing growth and successful change. On other fronts, he urged the late Dr. Robert Cushman Murphy, then the Lamont curator emeritus of the bird department, to prove that the cahow, or Bermuda petrel, was not extinct (he did), got Arthur Vernay, a museum trustee, to establish a sanctuary for flamingos in the Bahamas, assisted Ilya Tolstoy, grandson of the novelist, in setting up an underwater park on the Exuma Cays, and helped found The Nature Conservancy, a land acquisition organization that came into existence because of Pough's impatience with the old Ecologists Union. "The members of the union were all wonderful ecologists," Pough says, "but they couldn't have known less about how to get land, deal for land, buy land. For this you need businessmen. The success of The Nature Conservancy is due to the fact that we brought in businessmen. A vice-president of the conservancy, Patrick F. Noonan, is an ex-real estate man. I think we make a mistake in conservation in getting naturalists for all the jobs. When you've got something to do that's straight public relations, for example, you don't want a naturalist, you want a man who's been on newspapers or Madison Avenue for 20 years."

The Nature Conservancy holds land in its own right, but in some cases it endeavors to transfer parcels to organizations specifically interested in maintaining them. Should an organization fail to live up to its deed, say by attempting to clear-cut or develop the land, ownership will revert to The Nature Conservancy. Most important to beleaguered and broke conservationists intent upon saving a threatened piece of land is the fact that The Nature Conservancy has a \$3.4 million revolving loan fund. This fund got its first major boost at a luncheon Pough had with Mrs. DeWitt Wallace of the *Reader's Digest*. After hearing out Pough on the need to save land with emergency funds, Mrs. Wallace immediately wrote a check for \$100,000. "The idea in setting up The Nature Conservancy," Pough says, "was to strip away from conservationists every possible excuse for not saving worthwhile acreage. I can say to them, 'You're tax exempt! Here's the down payment! Are you a man or a mouse? Save it!'" Unfortunately for Pough, the Museum of Natural History trustees did not look with

*continued*





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favor on all his campaigns, and he resigned in 1956 with what he calls "their mutual consent."

Leaving the museum did not slow Pough. He promptly moved on to help establish the Natural Area Council and later began the Open Space Institute, which has pursued with unusual vigor and potent economic arguments the setting aside of preserves and sanctuaries in the countryside surrounding the Greater New York area. "We hired an ad man, Chuck Little, to write a book called *Stewardship*, which we published," says Pough. "It dealt with case histories of what landowners had done to conserve land—often to their tax advantage. Then we went to the tax rolls and found out who owned 20 acres or more of undeveloped land within a 125-mile radius of New York City. We sent every one of these people a little letter saying we had a book, *Stewardship*, we would like to send them if they were interested." Says Pough, "We got 10,000 replies. Then we got a young woman with a marvelous telephone voice, the wife of a Connecticut minister, so call these people about 10 days after they had gotten the book and ask them how they liked it. If they had liked it, she would ask if one of our field men could see them. It has been a very successful program. We got a good many million dollars' worth of land given, one way or another, to private or public agencies."

"We also had Little do a second book, *Challenges of the Land*, which we sent to municipal officials and civic leaders. It deals with specific case histories of how communities have been able to hold down municipal costs and save open space at the same time."

At present Pough is also busy with the America the Beautiful Fund, which dispenses "seed grants" of up to \$1,000 to applicants needing help with programs ranging from water conservation to historic preservation. And so, where Pough goes money flows. Recently a deceased banker, who had been fond of inviting his pet African lion into board meetings, had willed *Defenders of Wildlife* \$2 million. Pough was very pleased. He was twice as pleased when the attorneys wrote a week later to say that there had been a miscalculation—the sum was \$4 million. Moreover, the will decreed that *Defenders of Wildlife* was not to bank the money, but to spend it all on wildlife as soon as possible. "I don't think we'll have any trouble," Pough says. **END**

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This may not clear up Watergate, but as the politicians' division of the Annual World Championship Cow Chip Throwing Contest, held at Beaver, Okla., Governor David Hall threw out the first chip—and won with a heave of 101 feet.

**Jerry Reuss**, Houston's leading pitcher, stands 6' 5" in his stocking feet. He appeared for a game in Philadelphia with not only feet and stockings but elevated by two-tone blue suede shoes that had extra-large platform heels. Reuss looked a little grotesque to Catcher John Edwards. "You aren't tall enough already!" he asked. Reuss replied: "What do you want people to say. 'Look at how tall that man is?' or 'Look how well dressed that tall man is?'"

Soon after being traded to Houston a year ago, Rocket Forward **Jack Murin**, a scrunch golfer, hastened to join the prestigious Champions Golf Club owned by

**Jimmy Demaret** and **Jack Burke**. Not long ago a fierce East Texas hailstorm—with hailstones as large as, oh, golf balls—struck Champions, causing considerable havoc. Murin went out to inspect the damage and said, "The next time the Almighty plays my course I wish He would fix His ball marks on the greens."

★ **Jack Walsh**, although certainly no beamstalk, is not really a giant either. But he may be, as he advertises himself, the strongest man in the world. Bending a 12-penny nail is just for warmups. Walsh claims to have carried a grown horse up a ladder, lifted a 4,000-pound elephant and lloved a platform filled with Hollywood lovesies weighing, in aggregate, 5,013 pounds.

And former circus strong man **Walter Cornelius** of Peterborough, England keeps in shape at age 51 by skipping rope—with an eight-foot steel chain that weighs 112 pounds.

"I love baseball," said **David Eisenhower**, former pitcher and shortstop. "When I was offered this chance to write about baseball this summer, it was something I just couldn't pass up." The grandson of President Dwight Eisenhower played ball

in high school, worked briefly for the Washington Senators as an assistant to the general manager and will now report on the Phillies for the Philadelphia *Bohnen*, writing a Sunday column. David's first sight of his new subject came at a 7-1 loss to the Cincinnati Reds, a fitting introduction to the Phillies. Maybe that typical rout accounts for his remark, "I hope to sharpen my writing skills this summer," he said, "and write about more serious things in the future."

In a spirited defense of golf, County Counselman **Jerome Hew** of the Hawaiian island of Kauai is sponsoring a bill to restrict the use of liquor on the county's Waialua Golf Course. It seems that two men teed off at 8:30 a.m. one day recently and took a couler of beer with them. Time passed and complaints began coming in. People were having trouble playing through. When the pro shop investigated, it found the two men passed out cold on the 17th hole. Hew says the bill is still in, ah, draft form.

★ The 45th official Calaveras County Jumping 4-mg contest was held this weekend. A dark horse contender this year was the stable of **Bill Steed**, proprietor of a sheep-learning school in San


Francisco. Steed says he trains his frogs by hypnotizing them, ridding them of their hangups and psyching them into performing better. It was enough to make anybody jump, but his best frog hopped well back.

**Bob Skiver**, an IBM branch manager in Cincinnati, and his wife **Shirley** decided to take in a day of racing at Keeneland. Skiver describes himself as "a rank amateur" at betting on horses, and Shirley had never even seen a *Draft Racing Form*. But she is some handicapper. With help from another couple, she studied one carefully and announced two horses would win the eighth race. Her choices, Land Commander and Fish Market, finished in a dead heat. Mrs. Skiver cashed both her tickets, getting \$9.40 and \$4.00. *Ruzzle-duzzle* stuff, all right, but she would have been smarter to have bet it all on Land Commander.

**Eileen DiKen** is one marathoner whose 26.2-mile run turned into an ego trip even though she finished last. Neighbors had regarded the 26-year-old housewife as somewhat daff when she put in 140 miles a week training for the Penn Relays. But in training after the race, Eileen reports, "They recognized me and waved. I went by teen-agers and usually I hate that because they always have some raucous remark. But they stopped playing basketball and started to clap. My jaw almost dropped off."

Looking for an edge in the NBA-ABA bidding war for prize rookies, Buffalo Braves Owner **Paul Snyder** made his No. 1 draft choice an offer he couldn't refuse. Snyder honored **Enke DiGregorio** by unilaterally naming him the no-cut godfather of Emma D. the Braves' newborn 19-pound baby buffalo mascot. DiGregorio honored Snyder by signing a contract.





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# Pack up all your wear and go

...bye, bye suitcase. Backpacks have become symbols and artifacts of the youth culture, but as our middle-aged Establishment author (left) explains, almost anyone can travel with one to almost anywhere

Last summer my wife Betty and 14-year-old son Stewart spent five weeks in Spain trying to live on \$5 a day. Some days they succeeded. They traveled on country buses, stayed in pensions and returned home glowing. Stewart, who cannot survive in a United States motel that does not have a swimming pool, was enchanted with ancient Spanish accommodations that had only one WC per floor. In the States he has a way of choosing the most costly items on any menu, but in Spain he raved about the no-choice meals served in pension dining rooms. Convinced that the whole trunk of an automobile cramps his traveling style here, he was green with envy there at youngsters who traveled for months depending only on the contents of a backpack. He brought back to our home a resounding, oft-repeated phrase: "Backpacking in Europe."

As he evangelistically described it, Backpacking in Europe was more than a form of traveling. It was a life-style, a political belief. It was youth exultating soaring freedom and independence of soul pitted against the aging Establishment that travels with suitcases, taxis and porters. So persuasive was he about the backpack that I wondered if the Establishment might be missing something. I wanted to find out. When a chance came last September to take a couple weeks' vacation from my IBM office, my Westchester County manse and prodding my son to do chores, I signed up for a low-cost charter flight to Brussels.

"His and hers vacations?" said friends. "How novel?"

"Going alone?" said fellow workers. "How did you pull that off?"

I had qualms at first about

committing the whole trip to a backpack. It seemed rather drastic. I borrowed one from a friend and took it home to experiment. I packed it to see if it would hold all I wanted to take. It wouldn't. I removed the bedroll and strapped a knapsack on the frame in its place. Then it would. It weighed 28 pounds. I hesitated the pack to my back to see how it felt. I walked around the house testing it. I went out to the garage, started up the lawn mower and cut the lawn. When finished, I was no more tired than I would have been without the pack. I decided to backpack.

There is nothing revolutionary about traveling around in this fashion. Armies have taught the technique to many of us, and in these quieter times every dedicated hiker-camper has a backpack for use while scouring woodland wilds or scaling mountains. The current freshness lies in bringing the backpack out of the wilderness into civilization, checking it onto transatlantic jets, toting it through medieval streets, traveling everywhere fully loaded with everything you need on your back while your arms and legs are free to do as they please. It is ideal for navigating airports, hunting for and comparing hotels and even sight-seeing. So useful is the backpack for these pursuits that comparing it to the suitcase is unfair. And I emphasize that it is ideal for 50-year-olds as well as for kids.

The pack paid its first dividend the first hour in Europe. I landed in Belgium at dawn—1:30 a.m. New York time—and

was resigned to the traditional zombie-like existence for a day. My destination was Amsterdam, less than an hour away by air, but I dreaded a whole new chain of decisions and connections without some rest. By default I was drifting toward Brussels to find a hotel that would accept a guest before breakfast and thus allow a day for adjusting to European time. Then I would move on the next morning. Sleepwalking to the airport train, backpack in place, I saw on a television screen a flight to Amsterdam in 35 minutes. I stopped at the only ticket counter open and asked listlessly about space. A few phone calls later I was retracing my steps out to the departure gates on my way to Amsterdam. Now that could be done with a suitcase, too, you say—but not by a zombie struggling with a suitcase. The simplicity of merely asking the question, turning around and moving in the other direction was due to the backpack. And a whole day of my vacation was saved.

The next advantage that arose was a major one. A backpack gives you a chance to pick and choose your hotel on the spot instead of reserving a blind in advance from travel literature. You can walk on by—or turn around and walk out—of a suggested hotel is found lacking. You do not need to tie your trip down to a rigid prearranged schedule. I had a list of several low-cost canal hotels but wanted to see them before checking in to one of them.

The airport bus dropped me at the Amsterdam Central Station. I bought a map and sauntered past the row of waiting taxis into the large open Stations Plein. My list started with the Herengracht, a major canal.

*The repleat Alpine Expedition Sack (\$37.50) is water-proof, while the flatter, also Alpine (\$35), is adjustable lightweight aluminum. Both sold at Streets & Quarles in New York City, Hagyard's, Minneapolis and Sporthaus-Landner, Aspen, Colo.*

I set off on foot, drinking in the sights at close range—at walking speed—in- stead of whisking by in a taxi while try- ing to gauge the driver's skill, watch the meter, wonder how much a guide- bus was really worth and whether I should ask the driver to wait while I went into the first promising hotel to see if it had a room. Amsterdam is flat and easy to negotiate, and I reveled in the trivia that makes any European city attractive: the first day; the popularity of streetcars, the tricky traffic control signals, the blue- enameled street signs mounted high on corner buildings and the daring of the drivers of huge rattling trucks that plowed down the middle of narrow cob- blestoned streets.

The Hotel Hegra was 15 feet from the unrated edge of the canal. It looked just right. The Hegra was less than 20 feet wide. It devoted a disproportionate amount of this width to stairs that were still the narrowest, windiest and steep- est in memory. Headroom diminished as one ascended, and the handrail stopped on the last tight turn, where it was needed most. I made the last few steps by lightly steadying myself with my fingertips on the steps ahead of me. Later, when new arrivals made their as- cent to the floor above, the thudding and humping of suitcases, the audible consternation of the climbers, brought me to the door under the impression a piano was being moved.

"How did you get your suitcase up here?" panted Trinka Davis. She had one hand on the ceiling of the stair, while the other reached for a suitcase being pushed up the curving carpeted steps by her hus- band below. I had not the heart to tell the frazzled young couple how easy it was with a backpack, at least not until break- fast the next day. They responded with a rueful tale of their arrival from London by train, the flower parade that had im- mobilized all streetcars and taxis for two hours, the hostility they attracted drag- ging their suitcases through the crowd at the parade and their fear that all hotel rooms would be rented if they did not find one soon.

When I packed for Zurich a few days later, they dropped by to learn about my backpack. I pointed out its lightweight metal frame, its subtle shape and the gen- tle way it made contact with the body through padded straps and broad fabric bands strategically placed and adjusted for tension to fit the back. I extolled its

hip belt, a wide, foam-padded strap that in effect transfers the load from the shoul- ders and back to the hips. The shoulder straps do little more than keep the pack upright. The load carrying is done from the hips down where the heavy leg muscles, among the strongest in the body, can handle the extra weight.

Getting the pack frame in place takes practice. You do not put it on like a coat. You find a place to sit down with space behind you for the pack frame, put your arms through the shoulder straps and stand up. For short hauls down a train aisle or across a station you need only one shoulder strap. Once the pack frame is in place you are aware that it is there, but the additional effort in walking is slight. The weight is centered and well balanced. It is a far more natural load than a suitcase, which must be shifted fre- quently from side to side. To be fair, I should testify that you do notice the weight when you go up or down stairs or climb hills.

In Zurich I walked from the Bahnhof to the old part of town where I had three hotels in mind. Window-shopping down the Bahnhofstrasse and then over to the Limmat River took a leisurely 15 min- utes, and though I was turned away by the first hotel, I just walked up the hill and checked into the Hotel Rothus in the heart of the old town. Hotel porters do not yet know how to handle backpacks. It is kinder of you to first secure the loose ends of the hip belt to the frame, for the dangling daunts them. The Rothus por- ter, after looking askance, decided to use a two-wheeled hand truck that was chained to the wall. This meant he first had to go and get a key. The hand truck was a metal frame on wheels, ideal for suitcases but lacking somehow when it came to an amorphous shape with its own metal frame. The backpack sagged forlornly and rubbed on one of the tires. Various adjustments were required be- fore the wheel would turn.

Then came the elevator ride. Most el- evators in these venerable hotels are pocket-sized. The porter, the hand truck, the sagging backpack with its flailing hip belt and I formed quite a crowd. The shuffle to get us all inside the elevator and turned around the right way was painful because it was all so absolutely unnecessary. I longed to solve the prob- lem simply by hoisting the thing to my shoulder, but I would have been over- stepping my authority. We emerged two

floors above and I gritted my teeth as we trundled down the corridor, stepping on the trailing straps, bringing curious cleaning women scrambling to see what the scraping, dragging, flapping noise was all about.

Zurich had been planned as a brief, gastronomic, nostalgic stopover on the way to the Alps but the Piccadilly Six caused a delay. This group played Doc- island music at the Casa Bar, diagonally across the street from the hotel. My ad- diction to Dixie tends to make me an out- cast at home since the music is so loud, primitive and out of date. But Zurich is not as blasé as suburban New York. The Casa audience was turned on, as any in- nocents would be hearing Dixie for the first time. The place was jammed every night with stomping, clapping, head- bobbing young people. By luck I was wearing a blue denim jacket and jeans, perfect attire that made me the object of some admiration in spite of my age. The Casa was small, dimly lit, solidly filled, buttock cheek to buttock cheek at the bar, knee to knee for those seated at ri- diculously tiny tables. It was a friendly, jostling clientele, and an atmosphere that could cause a casual backpack-type traveler to tarry.

After three nights of this I pulled my- self together and packed for Grindel- wald. My technique was improving, thanks to assorted plastic bags I had ac- cumulated. The bags permit you to pack similar things together so that you can preserve a semblance of order. When full, they slide past one another easily as you stuff them in or pull them out. Another tip: roll things that you do not want to wrinkle around a core of something you do not mind wrinkling. One sturdy plas- tic bag held a double-knit jacket and slacks, neatly rolled, for days at a time without wrinkling.

To get from Zurich to Grindelwald you pass through three Bahnhofs and board three different trains. The tasks to be done in these railroad stations are a backpacking pleasure: walking, mailing postcards, finding places to cash trav- eler's checks, standing in line to buy tick- ets and just strolling casually down the long array of departure gates looking for the right train.

In Grindelwald the train pulls into the end of the main street. I checked. Instead of hiking around, comparing hotels, I went straight to the Weisses Kreuz und Post, where I had stayed before. I had

*continued*

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**Gasgrills**  by ARKIA

plenty of hiking in mind later. Hikes are better if hiked on a hearty breakfast. The Werrses, Kreuz und Post, while strict about which table you sit at for breakfast, is lenient with the amounts of cheese and superb bread you can eat at its abundant buffet table.

The Alps above Grindelwald are laced with hiking trails and mountain paths as clearly marked as inter-state highways. Each destination has a name, even though it may be a solitary, remote chalet. Signs at trail intersections declare direction and hiking time, and advertise refreshment with a silhouette of a wine glass.

Using Grindelwald as a hub, it was possible to radicate in all directions for five glorious days. I unraveled the knapsack from the pack frame for the daily hikes. Being a lighter load, it required no frame and hung directly from my shoulders on its own straps. Gear included sweater, parka, camera, extra film, food and drink. Day after day I lunched in secluded grandeur, far enough off the trails to be unnoticed by other occasional hikers, soaking in Cinematic vistas. I shun picnics at home. But these solitary picnics were gourmet delights: ravishingly fresh rolls, pungent cheeses, fruit and local wines.

A word about wine bottles: Be sure to take a corkscrew or have the proprietor pull the cork for you and reinsert it so that you can pull it out later. If you wish to avoid the weight of the bottle itself pour the wine into a plastic bag and drop it snugly into a side pocket of the knapsack. Obviously, it is a good idea to test the bag first with water for leaks. Drink the wine by piercing the bag near the top and squeezing out a stream as a shepherd drinks from his goatskin.

The calves of my legs began complaining on the third day. I considered going to Paris and enjoying a couple of nights on the Left Bank as a windup to my trip, but the next day dawned with a flawless sky, so I plotted a new route and hiked again. The cartilage in my knees became sharply annoyed on the downhill trip from Alpiglen. I thought about Zurich and one more night with the Pencil-dilly Sex. The sky the next day was again flawless. I dragged myself to the cable car and hobbled down from Pfingstegg. Now I had to think about Brussels and my return flight. My time was up.

There were other more important signs that it was time to go home. Gone

was that feeling of losing out in life. My resentment level was at low ebb. I no longer felt deprived of cobblestoned streets that turned into steps when they became too steep and then back into streets when they leveled off. I was assured those simple fountains in neighborhood squares still dribbled into their mossy basins and those precise stacks of split firewood waiting under the overhanging eaves of mountain chalets were ample for the coming winter. I could pack for the flight home with a clear conscience.

When packing I used a small duffel bag with drawstrings as a removable unit for personal odds and ends. It held my dirty bag, sunglasses, camera, maps and a paperback. It was placed on top because it was the last thing in and the first thing out at each stopover. It traveled in the backpack when that was on my back but came out and stayed with me on planes. The malleable nature of the pack was indifferent to the presence or absence of this little bag. Nothing rattles around in a partly empty backpack.

One bit of advice about backpacks and airlines: Backpacks are handled differently from suitcases when you check in. They are often put on nearby baggage carts instead of on the baggage conveyor or because they have been known to get snagged by their straps and come off second best in collisions with other baggage. Twice on my trip I watched with mounting concern at the baggage claim as the flow of luggage dwindled and ceased without my backpack appearing, only to find it on a neighboring uncrowded conveyor or sitting unannounced on a nearby baggage cart.

Stewart was waiting with Betty when I finally cleared the U.S. Customs at Kennedy Airport. I could tell he approved of my new style as I strode effortlessly past the Establishment types lugging suitcases. He shook hands while I was hugging Betty. "Let me help you, Dad," he said, and he took the backpack and hoisted it to his shoulder.

Then he headed off to join a group of youngsters who had also just arrived all of them wearing backpacks. Stewart did not catch up with us again until we were walking through the parking lot. There he just had one thought on his mind. "Hey, as soon as you turn this backpack in to the rental agency, let's go out and buy three."

It was done.

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## First place always rattles a Cub fan

Chicago has always had an instinct for a death rattle and its citizens have learned to make the most of it; the people found floating down the Chicago River with a lily on the chest and a hole in the head at least had the consolation of knowing they were getting out of Chicago. Nowhere is this reflexive rationale more apparent than in baseball, if only because the ball clubs make life in Chicago seem like a series of called third strikes. The White Sox have won one pennant in 53 years and the Cubs have not won any in 27. The attitude of their most fervid fans, the gamblers who gathered at the games, has been that while what they were do-

ing in the bleachers was illegal, what the Cubs and Sox were doing on the diamond was downright criminal.

In honing and polishing their instinct for the death rattle, Chicagoans turn more expectantly to the Cubs than the Sox, for the Cubs have a particular gift for alternating hope and lamentation. The city cannot forget how they blew a 9½-game lead and faded to eight games behind the New York Mets, all in the last six weeks of the 1969 season. They also display a knack for the inexplicable. In the late 1960s you would look at the Cubs—with average pitching and fine hitting and perhaps the best infield in baseball—and ask, "How does this team ever lose?" But this season—as the Cubs ride the top of the National League's Eastern Division with Ernie Banks retired, with batting champ Billy Williams not up to his '72 form, with top pitcher Ferguson Jenkins struggling to win more than he loses, with a group of starting pitchers whose combined earned run average only recently crept below 4.00—you ask, "How does this team ever win?"

The answer in both cases is found in the manager. The manager has changed, of course, from Leo Durocher to Whitey Lockman, and so have the team's strategy, tactics and temper. Durocher's basic manpower policy was to take his talented players of yesterday and push them to exhaustion. If they lost—as they did—he could say, "We lost with the best we had." Translation: "Don't blame me, buddy—it was all the players' fault." But Whitey Lockman has considered his men and counted their time to twilight—the average age of his top eight regulars is almost 32 and if the Cubs make it to the National League playoffs, six of those eight will be 30 or over. This is not to say they are tottering, but when the club celebrated Senior Citizens' Day last week nobody knew whether it was for the fans or the players. What Lockman is doing is providing a season-long routine of rest and rehabilitation to make sure his "old bones" are not exhausted by late sum-

mer. The program has already had gratifying results, if only because briefly rested players have come back strong. As it has happened, the subs have stepped in with hot bats, which has helped. One bench warmer, Ken Rudolph, has hit .319 and gotten eight RBIs as an understudy for creaky, oft-injured Catcher Randy Hundley, who was hitting only .202 with 11 RBIs in 30 games. "But the point of getting them to sit down isn't intended for that," says Manager Lockman, "so much as to improve how they feel in September." And, hopefully, in October.

Lockman has also changed the attack and the mood of the Cubs. Tactically, he has come up with a two-ner system of power, built largely around the power and speed of sometime leadoff men Rick Monday and Jose Cardenal. Under Durocher the Cubs led off with a two-hits-to-third strategy. The ideal was that Shortstop Don Kessinger would lead off with a single and move around to third on another single by Glenn Beckert. Then the power section of the Cub lineup—Williams, Banks, Ron Santo—would take turns driving in Kessinger, Beckert and each other.

But with Monday and Cardenal available to fill the top two slots, the Cubs now have a one-hit-to-home attack. Last week leadoff man Monday at 27 the "infant" of the Cub starting lineup—led the Cubs in homers with eight, and Cardenal, often the No. 2 batter, had four. Thus they had the same number of home runs in 38 games that Kessinger and Beckert hit in the last three years. More than that, Cardenal was second on the Cubs in runs batted in with 21 and Cardenal and Monday together had more extra-base hits—32—than the "power" of the Cub batting order—Williams, Joe Peptide (who was traded to Atlanta last week) and Santo.

To be sure, Lockman is not rigid about his tactics and sometimes is using Glenn Beckert in the No. 2 spot. Beckert has a controlled bat and a hot one. Last week



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he ran his consecutive-game streak to 26 before it was broken and elevated his batting average to .325. Lockman seeks flexibility and Cardenal is the key to it: Cardenal replaces Beckert, with Beckert being rested and has replaced Williams in the power slot when he was out. The point is that Lockman is not locked into anything; he plays it loose and cool.

It is that change in temper that has helped elevate, and exhilarate, the Cubs. Under Durocher the atmosphere was always highly charged, with the players at extreme "ups" or extreme "downs." Few players felt this more intensely than Ron Santo, today the key man in the "second section" of Cub power. Santo is an unusual genetic mix: his mother was Scandinavian and his father was of Italian descent. He looks Scandinavian—blond, blue-eyed, open-faced—and acts nervously Italian. Early in the Durocher era—1966-67—he responded strongly to Leo's machismo. He hit .300 or more and led the Cubs in home runs, runs batted in, runs scored and runs produced in that two-year span. But hit by hit Santo's relations with Durocher declined and as they did, so did his performance. He hit only .267 for the last four full years of Durocher's reign. The nadir of their relationship came on Aug. 23, 1971, when—in the course of a volcanic clubhouse meeting—Durocher committed the ultimate indiscretion: he attacked Santo's personal integrity. He was saved from bloody retaliation by the intervention of four Cub players who had to hold Santo off. When it was over, Santo's depression was so deep that he felt that the only way he could recover was to get away from Leo. But it was Leo who left Chicago, of course, and last week a far more settled and mature Santo was hitting .349.

The sternest test of Santo's new serenity—and the Cubs' new style—will come when they meet their old mentor and tormentor, Durocher, as he brings his Houston Astros, a contender in their own right, to Chicago for a three-game series next week. It will be the Cubs' first confrontation with Durocher since Leo left. If Durocher, who has been ill, emerges from the snug safety of the dugout to coach at third base—a few feet from Santo—he will have a public chance to do what he always claims privately he is proudest of—putting his *marfismo* where his mouth is. There in the third-base coaches' box, he will find out whether

er Santo will take the same things as an opponent that Durocher used to say to him as his manager. Then again, Leo may choose to stay in the dugout and yell at Santo from a distance, for if there is anything he should have acquired in his 6½ years in Chicago, it is that high instinct for the death rattle. And an urgent wish to make sure it is not his own.

## THE WEEK

(May 13-19)

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

### AL EAST

When the Brewers took over first place two weeks ago, Tiger Manager Billy Martin yipped, "If they can win with that club I'm a Chinese advisor." So when Detroit came to Milwaukee last week they were greeted accordingly. Said one banner: FLY THE FRIENDLY SKIES OF CHINA WITH BILLY MARTIN. Martin had no answer for that, but he did see to it that the organist was stopped from playing (one of his favorite tunes was *Cantonese*) while Joe Coleman pitched Coleman, who earlier had blanked the Yankees 8-0, beat the Brewers 4-2 when Ed Brinkman tripled in two runs in the ninth. After losing their opening game the Tigers won five straight and, with Pilot Martin at the controls, flew to the top of the East.

Milwaukee's Dave May had 16 hits, three of them game-winners. Against the Tigers he homered twice, once in the 10th inning for a 6-5 win. He also downed the Indians 2-1 with a 17th-inning homer and the Yankees 6-5 with a two-run single in the ninth. But when May wasn't hitting the Brewers dropped four games.

"You're the Sultan of Squat because you spend so much time on the bench," said Merv Reinhold to Oracle teammate Larry Brown, who in a rare start had just homered in a 9-6 win over the Yankees. The Orioles were shut out for the fourth and fifth times in three weeks, but prevailed in their other four outings. Jim Palmer, who came within two outs of his third straight shutout as he beat the Indians 4-1, still took batting practice despite devastated hitters. "I have to be ready to hit in the World Series," Palmer explained in a burst of optimism.

New York experienced lofty highs and sultry lows. With two out in the ninth and the Brewers ahead 2-0, Bobby Murcer homered, Ron Blomberg doubled and Graig Nettles tied the score with a single. Nettles then finished off the Brewers 4-2 with a homer in the 11th. But then the Yankees blew a two-run lead to the Brewers in the ninth to fall 6-5, and followed that by losing to the In-

dians 6-4. A 6 p.m. starting time for some Cleveland games displaced both the Indians and their rivals. Most provoked were the hitters, who had difficulty seeing the ball in the twilight. All except Dave Duncan, that is, who hit four home runs.

"I've been telling him for two years his hands were too high, his right foot pointed in too much," Boston Coach Eddie Popowski said of Carl Yastrzemski and his batting stance. "He was all tied up and it made him swing in too much of an arc. It took all of us to get him to listen, but he finally yelled for help. He listened and look what happened." What happened was that Yaz dropped his exaggerated style and promptly hit three homers. Carlton Fisk also lowered his bat after films showed he had picked up Yaz' habit. Fisk's average was .348 for the week and he hit two home runs. But opponents also hit with oomph, after 33 games Boston pitchers had been flogged for 40 round-trippers. Last week the Red Sox served up five to the Tigers in three games and lost them all by one run.

DET 15-17 BAL 17-17 MIL 19-18  
NY 16-19 CLEV 10-21 BOS 14-19

### AL WEST

While the price of gold fluctuated wildly last week, Angel pitching was steady and priceless: Rudy May's fourth shutout in three weeks and two wins each by Nolan Ryan and Bill Singer. Ryan hurled a no-hitter against the Royals and ran his hitless streak to 14 innings before Mike Epstein of the Rangers doubled. In six games May, Ryan and Singer yielded eight runs and 31 hits (only seven extra bases) and struck out 59. Even Clyde Wright won for the first time, stopping the A's 7-2 on six hits. The Angels' 6-1 week was marred only when 302-hitting Bobby Valentine broke his leg. The only other winning team in the West was Minnesota (6-2). Seven homers, two victories by Dick Woodson and Jim Kaat's shutout of the White Sox buoyed the Twins.

Terry Forster of Chicago gave up his first home run since August of 1971. Deron Johnson of the A's hit it, but Pat Kelly won the game for the Sox with a 12th-inning double. Chicago's only other victory in seven games came when Wilbur Wood notched his ninth victory by downing the Twins 5-4.

Two wins by Ken Holtzman (8-2) and home runs by eight players were all that kept the A's from disaster as they lost four of seven and slipped to fourth place. Vida Blue forgot that a night game was to start at 6 p.m., did not get to the park until 5:20 and was belted for three first-inning runs as the A's lost to the White Sox 6-5.

Before signing on as the Texas manager last fall, Whitey Herzog saw the team play three games. His appraisal: "They were worse than the old Mets." Last week Herzog had

continued

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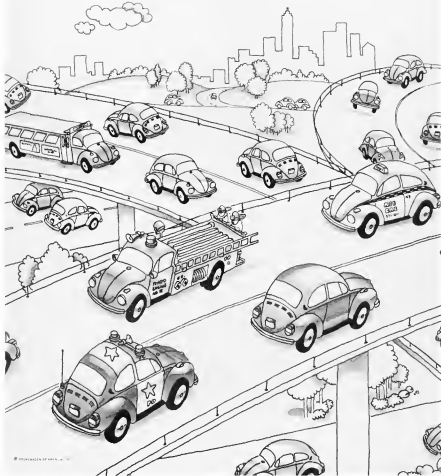
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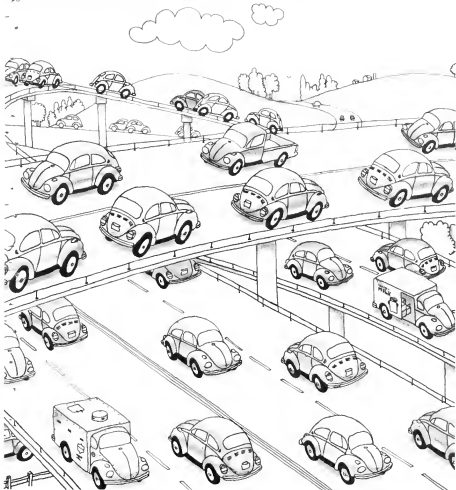
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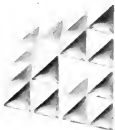
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## BASEBALL

no reason to feel differently. He complained that Bill Sauer of the Angels used "25 spotters or graveyards" to beat his Rangers. But it was the beating, not the spot, that hurt. He benched Rico Carty because "his rear end is flopping, his hands are dropping and he is not pulling the ball." But he found that even in the cellar there could be rays of light. His Rangers beat the Twins 7-6 when, with two out in the ninth, Toby Harrah hit his fourth homer in four years. They also nipped the Royals 2-1 on a bloop single by Larry Bittner.

Royal Manager Jack McKeon had troubles, too, much of it in the dugout. It was there that he somehow injured his heel, so he was not exactly mobile when he had to watch 169 hitter Hal McRae, incensed because McKeon yanked him for a pinch hitter, tear off his pants in a furious strip-tease. On the field the Royals were stripped almost bare, too, losing five of seven—two on shutouts, three by one run.

CHN 28-12 CAL 28-14 KC 22-16  
OAK 28-12 MINN 17-16 TEX 12-22

## NL EAST

Danny Ozark, the Philadelphia manager, had a few words to say. After losing to the Cubs he scolded his players for their on-field resemblance to mannequins. Properly contrite, the Phillies drubbed the Cardinals 10-5. Then came an 8-4 loss to St. Louis and Ozark spoke up again—about his dislike for music on the team bus after losses and about his players' barroom habits. So the chastised Phillies rose up again and smited the Pirates 5-2. But Ozark ran out of words and his club lost three of the next four games, one being Steve Carlton's fourth setback in a row. The Expos took refuge in rainouts, which was just as well since they lost three of four games when the weather was fair.

Jim Gossage helped the Mets win twice. His two hits and a dazzling catch in center field were instrumental in downing the Expos 8-3. And Gossage contributed to a win over the Pirates with his frankness. Asked by Manager Yogi Berra how well he had hit Pirate Pitcher Luke Walker in the past, Gossage said loudly: "So Berra benched Gossage and used Wayne Garrett, who had three RBIs in a 4-1 Mets triumph."

The Pirates continued to struggle, losing four of seven and making it 16 defeats in 23 games. There were ample reasons, like bumping into a double play with men on second and third and none out; like having an on-fielder's throw skitter past four players and into the dugout. But they did beat the Expos 9-8 in 11 innings on a hit by Dave Cash, a 444-baser last week. And Willie Stargell hurt the Mets 4-1 with a three-run homer in the 10th inning.

The only team to gain on first-place Chi-

cago was last-place St. Louis, winner of four of five. On the same day that Bob Gibson got his Gold Glove award for his fine fielding last year he made an error on a bunt.

CHN 23-16 NY 16-26 PIT 12-17  
MONT 14-17 PHIL 14-22 STL 11-23

## NL WEST

Who are Joe Ferguson, Ron Cey and Dave Lopes, and why are they getting so many hits? They are all Dodgers, are all in their mid-20s and all bat right-handed. Ferguson caused his average to .316 last week, popped his seventh and eighth homers and moved into second place in RBIs with 30. Cincinnati skipper Sparky Anderson calls him "the best young power hitter to enter this league in some time" and feels he can hit with much the same crunch as Johnny Bench. Ferguson, a catcher, elaborated on his hitting by saying, "When you're behind the plate your thoughts are concentrated on not allowing hits. Then you go up to bat and try to hit the ball cleanly. Once you free yourself mentally you can hit. I have finally made that conversion." Cey (The Cey Hey Kid) looks like the third baseman the Dodgers have sought since moving West. He had 10 RBIs and batted .527 as the Dodgers won four of five. Second baseman Lopes hit .452, stole his 11th and 12th bases on as many tries and took the league batting lead at .388.

The Astros scored just four runs in their first four games and lost them all. It was enough to drive the fans to drink, which is precisely what they did on Nickel Beer Night when 35,169 of them quaffed roughly 101,000 cups. Ken Forsch, Dave Roberts and Don Wilson made the crowds even happier by beating the Braves 2-1 and the Giants 3-1 and 2-1 as they climbed to first place. San Francisco prepared for its traditional June Swoon, losing five of six. Dusty Baker won consecutive games for Atlanta with a homer and a sacrifice fly. And Henry Aaron (Pace 28) hit three more home runs.

Tony Perez is called The Big Dog by the Reds because his bite is at its best in the clutch. Last week, with the team in a slump, Perez talked his way into the lineup despite an injured finger. He then hit the hand that pinched to him for two homers and a 4-1 win over the Dodgers. As for Clay Carroll, three days before he got his award as 1972 Fireman of the Year he took his 10.80 ERA and 4.03 record and started his first game. He pitched five scoreless innings, but the Reds lost 3-1.

San Diego Shortstop Enzo Hernandez had 80 hits, scored seven runs and stole five bases. But the former pride of the Padres—their pitching staff—has been embarrassed to the tune of a 4.57 ERA, the league's worst.

HOUS 26-18 SF 26-16 CHN 23-12  
LA 22-16 ATL 15-21 SD 14-25

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Jai alai players come in a variety of shapes, but almost always they are Basques—dark-haired, dark-eyed people who are neither French nor Spanish, their roots sunk deep in the Pyrenees mountains that separate the two countries. They have names like Zulueta and Irigo and Marcoda, and the origin of the language they speak is obscure, a linguistic mystery. But there is no obscurity about them on a jai alai court: with slender, curved baskets called *cintas* strapped to their whiplike arms the Basques can send a ball caroming off the court's granite front wall with a sound like the crack of a rifle. No one can remember a time when Basques have not dominated this centuries-old sport.

And then on Dec. 21, 1972 came Joey Cornblit, a Miami high school senior, and nothing will nestle certain in the years to come. Still, the masters of the sport are not upset. "Thank God for Joey," says Pedro Mir, who manages the players at the Miami Fronton.

Professionals like Mir are gleefully delighted that the U.S. has finally produced a class jai alai player. They have been struggling for almost 50 years to get the game going in this country, but despite its natural color, speed and excitement—and the fact that it is a splendid vehicle for pan-mutual betting—jai alai has never caught on here except in Florida, where all eight of the U.S. frontons are located.

In structure, the game is something like handball except that it is played on a giant court with three sides, along the open side a high wire screen protects the spectators who bet on singles or doubles matches that proceed, round-robin fashion, through the evening. Play starts when a goatskin ball—the *pelota*, said to be the hardest and fastest used in any sport—is served off the front wall. The ball flies out of the *cinta* at speeds up to 150 mph and must be caught and returned either in the air or on the first bounce. This makes jai alai a dangerous game. Men have been killed playing it.

But Stanley Berenson, who heads World Jai Alai, recognized some time ago a major truth about the game: "As exciting as it is, it will never be accepted nationally as long as it is played only by Basques." And so in 1965 Berenson and his father opened a school for young

## Serving up a Yank like a Basque

Americans in Miami. "It was a gamble I knew I had to win," he says. "It was just a question of how many students I'd have to put in school and how many years it would take."

What Berenson got, and sooner than he expected, was Joey Cornblit. Joey's parents are Israelis who migrated first to Montreal in the late '50s and then to Miami. He grew up in the U.S. world of baseball, basketball and football.

"I was like any other kid," says Joey, who is now 17, stands 5'10½" and weighs 175 pounds. "I played all sports, even gymnastics. Then when I was 12 I discovered jai alai, and that was it. They had just opened some amateur courts, and I became a regular rat. They'd throw me off and I'd climb a fence and sneak back in. I couldn't practice enough."

Inevitably, Joey enrolled in Berenson's school and there displayed such fierce dedication that he was one of the first students selected to study under Epifanio Saez, a former star. His development has startled everyone. "He has a solid basis to be a good frontcourt player," says Epifanio. "He pays attention to advice and he has the ability to apply it. And he has real aggressive power, the mark of a line jai alai player. All he needs is time to develop his natural ability." In 1970, at 15, Joey was named to the U.S. amateur team for the international competition at St-Jean-de-Luz, France. Never before had an American team finished better than next to last. Joey and his doubles partners won five of eight matches to earn a bronze medal. Their accomplishment did not create many waves elsewhere, but the jai alai world was stunned.

Last year, though only a high school junior, Joey signed a professional contract and spent the summer playing against seasoned Basque pros in Guernica,



which during the Spanish Civil War had earned the dubious honor of being the first city ever destroyed by bombing from the air. Berenson runs a jai alai school in Guernica, a Basque stronghold, and it is from there that the Miami Fronton imports many of its players.

"Other Americans have tried jai alai, but they have never measured up to the Basques, who start playing the game almost before they can walk," says Berenson. "When Joey went to Guernica the people said, 'Oh, oh, here's another one.' And they smiled. But Joey's obvious talent and his amazing aggressiveness on the court—something you don't see in a young Basque—quickly won them over. He became a betting favorite. Every door was open to him. It was fantastic."

"I thought the other players might resent me," said Joey. "People told me they would. But they didn't. I made a lot of friends. And when a Basque accepts you, you become a part of his family."

When the brown-eyed, black-haired youngster made his debut in Miami in December, the hometown fans made him

PHOTOGRAPH BY [illegible]

a strong 3-to-2 favorite. "It was ridiculous," says Milt Roth, the fronton's public-relations man. "His first game, and he was the favorite." He won. "And he's been the favorite ever since," adds Roth, shaking his head. The fans knew something: In his first 15 games, Joey won five, an unheard-of percentage for a rookie.

"It's his attitude," says Berenson. "The difference between him and the other new players is that he comes out aggressive, on the offense. They all have the shots, caños and things, but none of them use them. They feel they don't have the experience. They hesitate. Not Joey. He used everything right away. He's not afraid to try anything."

"The frontcourt man, which I am, kills the point, outsmarts the opponents," says Joey. "He's like the quarterback. And I guess I'm something of a cheerleader, too. I get so caught up in the action, I'm screaming things most of the time. And the backcourt man likes that. It turns him on. The Basques

don't make as much noise as I do."

"Three Basques don't make as much noise as you do," adds Berenson.

Being an American has turned out to be a major plus for Joey. The young Basque professionals of his own age or a few years older do not understand or think about the strategy of the sport as much. Joey, who was weaned on baseball, basketball and football, thinks about both strategy and tactics; he plays a different sort of game.

"The American who understands that psychology is very much a part of sport has a big advantage over a Basque," says Berenson. "Over there they just play and play. Joey knows that if one guy is here and another guy there, he'll win if he puts the ball over there. The young Basques don't think ahead that well. At 20 or 21 or 22 it comes. Joey probably learned a lesson from reading U.S. sports pages that has paid off for him in jai alai. Our sports pages talk about strategy and our kids grow up thinking strategy. Spanish papers carry great glowing reports, but

they never really get into how things happen. They're strong on adjectives but short on meat."

In his first season at Miami, which ended a few weeks ago, Joey earned approximately \$11,500 for four months play. He gets a base salary plus a fixed amount for games won, seconds and thirds, plus bonuses for exemplary play and for every million dollars in *mujuel* handle over a certain amount. This season each player's wagering bonus was \$3,980. From the Miami Fronton, Joey will move on to Berenson's plant at Ocala where he should make another \$5,000—fair income for a 17-year-old American youngster playing a game in America that most Americans do not understand.

"Some day they will all know jai alai," says Echazur II, a veteran backcourt player. "Joey will teach them. If there were more players like Joey the sport would gain great acceptance with the American public and we would all benefit. Joey could be the best thing that ever happened to the sport."

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## Some tricky business on the campus

Just about the time I was learning to play bridge at McGill University (I was virtually shamed into studying the game after making a poor showing in my first rubber with a group of coeds), a bridge-playing member of ASCAP named George Meyer wrote the music for a popular song called *Down Among the Sleepy Hills of Tennessee*. Since then the game has grown, and last month those hills were anything but sleepy. On the campus of the University of Tennessee in Knoxville 16 pairs—the finalists from an original field of more than 1,200 entries representing 150 colleges and universities—were competing for the national intercollegiate bridge championship, an annual event that I sponsor in cooperation with the Association of College Unions-International.

College bridge players traditionally are gadget-minded and this year's representatives proved no exception. They used the most complicated of modern bidding weapons, ranging from souped-up Standard American to the highly artificial Roman Club, which even the Italians no longer play. Only after considerable experience in the upper echelons of the game do most young experts learn to scrap some of their innovations and settle into a style more likely to succeed.

This is not to say that today's collegiate stars are all that inexperienced. The 1973 entrants ranged in age from 18 to a 45-year-old law student and included a number of players who are already familiar with tournament bridge, most notably 33-year-old Advanced Senior Master Ann Hulmaier and 28-year-old Life Master Bob Dennard, two University of Alabama grad students who finished second. The winners were a pair of West Coast brothers, 26-year-old William and 21-year-old Michael Schreiber, accounting majors at Loyola University of Los Angeles. Bill and Mike are Life Masters and in this tournament they had to fight for their life. Although they took the lead at the start and never were headed, they won the title by the narrow margin of only seven match points. This hand, on which they defended against a pair from Indiana State, was one that helped them to victory.

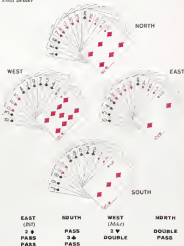
The Schreibers use a Roman-type two-diamond opening that shows a three-suiter with 11 to 14 points when vulnerable. With a good hand, partner responds two no trump, and opener then completes the picture of his holding by bidding his short suit. With his weak hand and a suspicion that Bill's length would be in clubs, Mike elected to make the cheapest response: two hearts, which was intended as a sign-off. North, knowing the opponents were weak, tried a takeout double, but South's response landed his side in three clubs

doubled against Mike's six-card suit. It was a massacre.

Dummy's queen won the spade lead, but when declarer led dummy's king of clubs, the defenders took the next five tricks: ace of clubs, king of diamonds, two more diamonds won by East as West pitched his last spade, then a spade ruff. Mike's heart shift was won by dummy's ace, and declarer did his best by ditching the queen of hearts on the good 10 of diamonds, which West ruffed. Declarer won his third trick by trumping the heart return, but he could take only one of the remaining tricks and his minus-900 disaster provided the Schreiber brothers with a top score on the hand. What North got was a lesson in how *not* to monkey with a Roman two-bid.

A few more hands like this and it will be tougher than ever to convince the youngsters that they would be better off without quite so many gadgets. **END**

*East-West vulnerable  
East dealer*



*Opening lead: 10 of spades*

## Pre's last Duck-waddle

**UCLA won the Pac-8 meet and Steve Prefontaine ended his college career at Eugene, Ore. with home folks cheering and a love affair intact**

There have been more sentimental moments in sport and farewell performances worth louder raves, but what the fans in Eugene, Ore. got last Saturday was just about right: a suitably happy ending to a long love affair. The occasion was the Pacific-8 Conference track and field championship in which Steve Prefontaine ran his last major collegiate race in front of his hometown fans.

On the scoreboard UCLA continued its dominance, winning the meet with a conference-record total of 156 points. Prefontaine, laboring with a pinched sciatic nerve that made him feel as if his *gluteus maximus* had been worked over by a sadistic field-goal kicker, won the three-mile run for the fourth year in succession, and the 11,000 faithful responded with lusty affection.

The mutual admiration between Pre and his Eugene fans is a longtime thing at Oregon's Hayward Field, where he has never lost to anyone but a teammate. "You have to recognize that track is a way of life here in Eugene," says Mayor Les Anderson, whose son Jon won the Boston Marathon last month. "Pre pen-

etrates beyond the track and into the crowd. Some athletes win a race and afterward they're poker-faced. Pre's expression is 'You helped me win it.'"

Such a demonstration followed his victory over John Ngeno, a Washington State import from Kenya who had won the six-mile run the day before. Heading down the stretch, ahead by 50 yards, Prefontaine acknowledged the stands with a triumphant arm salute as a "Go Pre!" chorus greeted his sprint to the tape. Moments later track announcer Wendy Ray said, "Thanks for the good times, Pre."

By Prefontaine's standards, however, his 13:10.4 victory did not qualify as such, even though the mark shattered the old meet record of 13:12.8 set by Gerry Lindgren in 1966. Healthier, Prefontaine might have ended his days as an Oregon Duck with a U.S. record or something better. If that seems mere speculation, consider what wonders he has worked already in his senior season.

At Bakersfield in March, almost on a whim, Prefontaine ran the six miles for the second time in his career. Unfamiliarity may explain why he comfortably

set a pace that probably left a contrail. When the race ended, he had a new American and collegiate record of 27:09.4—the fourth best on the alltime list. Back home for a four-team meet on April 14, he ran the finest distance double in history, touring the mile in 3:56.8 and the three mile in 13:06.4. Two weeks later he recorded his best mile, 3:55, again on his home track. This season has also produced an 8:31.8 two mile which, like the others, is best in the nation.

Unfortunately for showmanship and for Oregon's slim title hopes, Prefontaine suffered his painful back problem three weeks before the conference meet. "I have thought about it being my last race in Eugene as part of the Oregon team," he said earlier in the week. "I'd sure like to do something great for the fans. But right now I'm not as fit as I was a couple weeks ago. I also wanted to double, but it's going to be hard enough just to run the three mile now. I can't relax, and relaxation is the key to running."

"I feel good that I won," Prefontaine said afterward. "It was a fun race, I did a lot of things I normally don't do, like saying things and making noises to make Ngeno think I was hurting more than I really was."

As for the fans, he said, "I kind of looked up at the crowd and a lot of faces went through my mind. There have been some great ones here. They've given me a lot and I hope I've given them a lot in the last four years. But time goes and you've got to go with it."

Time, as even devotees from Eugene agree, has mellowed Prefontaine. During his tenure at Oregon he has changed appreciably from the brash, often-inconsiderate freshman who arrived there in 1969. Indeed, Prefontaine grew up as a fighter, a trait that has served him well in track, but that, in social situations or press conferences, has often rubbed people the wrong way.

"I feel very confident now talking in front of people," he says, "and I think I've learned to talk with the press. I used to say 'Hey, man, what kind of a stupid question is that?' to a newspaperman asking me heavy things right after a race when I'm still in an emotional state. Now I at least try to answer. I think I've learned a lot of things. If I had gotten this injury as a freshman, I would have panicked and thought my career was over. I proved to myself after the Olympics [where he finished fourth in the 5,000



**RUNNING HURT, PREFONTAINE WHIPPED WASHINGTON STATE'S NGENO AT THREE MILES**

meters) that I could come back stronger than ever. Even with an injury, I'm running better than I ever have. Before, when I did something good in a race, I'd be satisfied that I was working toward becoming better. Now I realize afterward that I'm capable of better things. Like after the 3:55 mile I thought to myself, 'I know I can run 3:50.'"

What does fire Prefontaine's old-time wrath, however, is the casual attitude of big-time sport that makes the athlete's problems a last consideration. Next month's NCAA track championship is a case in point. Because of television, the finals in several distance races will be held on Saturday afternoon, just when Baton Rouge's weather can be expected to be at its sultry, muggy worst.

"The site isn't what's so bad," Prefontaine says, "but if things aren't done right, the meet is Mackey Messie. I don't care about being on television. It's going to be uncomfortable for the distance runners. Why can't they run those races in the evening? I don't like it."

How much farther Prefontaine goes in track beyond the NCAA's and a summer tour of Europe would now seem to rest with those fine, applauding folk in Eugene, especially if they want to keep the Prefontaine act at Hayward Field. "The big step in my future is graduation," he says, "and then finding a job that will let me continue my athletic career. I need a job that will allow me the flexibility to train, take time off for competition and still support myself. If I can't find that, it's going to be hard. My best years as a distance runner are ahead of me. I'm only 22, but things have to go right if I'm going to continue."

As for the UCLA Bruins, almost everything went right for them at Eugene except, ironically, the best field event of the meet from because UCLA's "track" title, the Bruins' fourth in the last five years, was ensured by an 86-point performance in the field events. USC, scoring 73 points in the track events, was runner-up with 111, while Oregon scored 100 for third.

In the long jump, however, USC's Randy Williams, with the aid of a good-luck teddy bear named Snorky and a capricious wind, avenged his loss earlier in the season to UCLA's James McAlister. McAlister opened the competition with a wind-aided leap of 26' 9/16". Then Williams, the Olympic champion, did the same without a breeze for a new meet

record. But that was nothing. On his second jump Williams went with the wind to soar 27' 9".

"That teddy bear is something else," McAlister groaned. "I must carry three extra feet in it. I was really hoping he would make it competitive. I wanted him to get out there around 27' 2" and I was saying, 'Come on, Randy, come on, 27 feet.' Then I saw that 27' 9" and said, 'Oh man, that finishes that!'" All in all, the Williams-McAlister rivalry is among the most pleasant in sport, since it accurately reflects the admirable personalities of the two L.A. leapers.

The Bruins should win the NCAA, too, perhaps with even less trouble than they got from their Pac-8 peers, who competed well but could not match UCLA's depth. Both USC and Oregon State beat UCLA in first places 5-4, but there was scoring for six places and the Bruins were just too much.

One of the best track performances was turned in by California's Rick Brown, a defending champ who took the 880 with a 1:46.7—his lifetime best and second best in the U.S. this year. Another outstanding effort came from Oregon's Mac Wilkins, who won a weight double for the first time in conference history. On Friday he improved his life best outdoors in the shotput by almost four feet when he got off a toss of 63' 7". In the discus the next afternoon, he won with a meet-record throw of 199' 9". In the mile, Oregon State's Haila Ebba, an Ethiopian, shattered the meet record with a 3:57.9 that beat Oregon's Knut Kvalheim by an eyelash. In the same race Oregon's Mark Feig became the 12th Duck in history to break the four-minute mark: his time was 3:59.5. Washington State registered something of a surprise by outscoring Oregon 59-35 in distance events, but parochial feelings were salvaged when Craig Brigham, a 19-year-old freshman, won the decathlon with 7,673 points, the nation's second-best collegiate mark this year.

No one, however, was cheered louder than Prefontaine, and it remains to be seen if his farewell is going to be something more than merely changing uniforms.

One Pac-8 official did not think so. "That scene will be repeated many times," he said. "He may be running for the Oregon Track Club or somebody, but he hasn't finished satisfying all the ids and egos in those stands."

END

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John Chapman was puzzled. The little Canadian trainer-driver knew he had the best horse in last Saturday night's \$122,732 Messenger Stakes at Roosevelt Raceway. The trouble was, he did not know which one. Was it J. R. Skipper, a speedy son of Meadow Skipper with a record of 17 victories in 27 starts? Or was it Valiant Bret, one of Bret Hanover's fleet offspring who had got to the finish line first in 10 of 17 starts? "I dunno," said Chapman. "All I know is that it's one of them."

Chapman qualified both 3-year-old colts for the Messenger in separate heats early in the week, and then he rushed for a telephone. "I can't be in two sulks at the same time," he told Russell Miller, one of the owners of J. R. Skipper. "What do I do?" Miller told him to call Harry Tudor, the chief trainer for Valiant Bret's owner, P.G. and Jere Gray.

"You've got a problem," said Tudor. "Who asked you first?"

"Miller," Chapman said.

"Done," said Tudor, "but since you can't drive Valiant Bret, how about getting Lucien Fontaine?" That, too, was "done."

The action next shifted to the grave of Messenger, which, as all trivia gamesters know, is in the front lawn of the home of Mr. and Mrs. Walter N. Frank Jr. in Matinecock, Long Island. The progenitor of all standardbreds (he was a thoroughbred, but let's not go into that) was buried there in 1808. The location is 10 miles from Roosevelt Raceway, and occasionally—with publicity, not sentiment, in mind—the drawing for post positions for this segment of pacing's Triple Crown is held there. "O.K., let's get to it," said John Cashman Sr., one of Roosevelt's judges, as he dropped 10 pills into a small plastic cup.

"Hold it," said Al Winters, an architect and part owner of Steel Byrd, a Billy Haughton-trained colt who had finished sixth in a qualifying heat and thus apparently had been ousted from the final. "I want a pill for my horse."

"You aren't eligible," said the confused Cashman.

"According to the race conditions we are," Winters said. And he proved it. By the book, the top four finishers in each of the two eliminations automatically make up the field for the final. But Race Secretary Larry Mallar can add other horses to make up eight separate betting interests, and since Chapman had his two

## Brets gave them all a message

as an entry and Haughton had two others (Golden Shadrack and Keystone Smartie), spots were open for two additional starters. Mallar had filled these spots by adding the fifth-place finisher from each elimination heat.

"There's another condition," Winters said. "Horses are to be added on the basis of time, not finish." His Steel Byrd had finished in 2:02½; Oatzo Hanover had finished fifth in the other division in 2:03½. Mallar conceded the point, but that raised yet another problem. Since Steel Byrd joined the Haughton entry, there was still a place for Oatzo Hanover—but not enough pills. They had brought but 10. A man was dispatched to Roosevelt to get one more.

When the additional pill arrived Steel Byrd drew No. 8, an unwelcome outside post. "You can't win them all," Winters said. Bret Over Again got the coveted inside post with Valiant Bret No. 3 and J. R. Skipper out in No. 7.

Unfortunately, no pills were drawn for Ricci Reenie Time, Armbr Nesbit or Farway Bay, who were expected to be among this year's top 3-year-old pacers but who, for a variety of reasons, were not around for Saturday's final. It is said that Ricci Reenie Time is the best of them all but can't handle a half-mile track. Harold Dancer Jr., his trainer, denied this and claimed his star colt just was not yet ready. Farway Bay escaped from a barn fire that killed six other horses in February, but suffered from smoke inhalation and has been slow to recover. Armbr Nesbit, a tremendously talented animal, is trying to surmount both a throat disorder and some dubious handling by Owner-Trainer-Driver Duncan MacDonald. The colt has raced with a fever, gone a full mile after pacing a solo :57½ half-mile because everyone but MacDonald saw a recall signal, and was

parked four wide to finish a gasping eighth in one of last week's eliminations. For his next act he may go blindfolded while pulling a Sherman tank.

No matter. Everyone has problems, and not the least of Chapman's was what to tell Fontaine, the super-substitute. First Chapman told him to have a breakfast of hot cereal, to take some vitamins and get a lot of rest, and that he would send a chauffeur to drive him to the track. Then he told Fontaine that Valiant could win wire to wire in two minutes.

"With his post position," Chapman said, "he's got every right to win. I hope I win, but if I don't I'll be rooting for him. It's a strange situation, but not an unhappy one."

Fontaine himself said, "There isn't much a trainer can tell me. I'm a professional. I do what I think is best in a race. I expect people to respect my ability. I don't like anyone telling me how to drive a race. John said I can put this horse out in front and win from there and that's what I'll be trying to do."

And that's what he did, in 2:00½. As expected, Bret Over Again, the second choice in the betting, took the early lead from his No. 1 post position, but almost as quickly lost it to Valiant Bret. After that everyone played and lost a game of catch-up. Whatever chance Chapman had was dispatched when he twice got caught up in a tangle with long shot Dana Lobell, once just after the start and again in the backstretch. He did well to finish third by a neck behind Bret Over Again, three-quarters of a length behind his entry mate.

When Fontaine went into the winner's circle to pick up the trophy and the check for the largest purse he had ever won, \$61,366.25, the crowd of 28,207, which thought, wrongly, that he had cut off Bret Over Again near the finish, gave him a standing, ah, booing. He was stunned.

"I didn't know whether they were booing me or the guy giving me the trophy," he said with a slight grin. "Maybe they just think I jumped in at the last minute and stole the race. But catch driving is my profession. I'm supposed to jump in and win races."

"Ah, them turkeys," said Del Insko, who had driven Steel Byrd to a fifth-place finish. "They boo and you can never figure out why." For fifth place, by the way, the Messenger paid \$61,366.62. That is not a bad payoff for reading the fine print.

END

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# SPORT IS UNFAIR TO WOMEN

---

*America invests a billion dollars a year in athletic programs with the conviction that games are good for people, developing sound minds and bodies. But the female half of the population has never gotten a run for its money. Now many parents are becoming exercised, schools are growing increasingly concerned and big changes are in the offing*

---

by Bil Gilbert and Nancy Williamson

**T**here may be worse (more socially serious) forms of prejudice in the United States, but there is no sharper example of discrimination today than that which operates against girls and women who take part in competitive sports, wish to take part, or might wish to if society did not scorn such endeavors. No matter what her age, education, race, talent, residence or riches, the female's right to play is severely restricted. The funds, facilities, coaching, rewards and honors allotted women are grossly inferior to those granted men. In many places absolutely no support is given to women's athletics, and females are barred by law, regulation, tradition or the hostility of males from sharing athletic resources and pleasures. A female who persists in her athletic interests, despite the handicaps and discouragements, is not likely to

enriched





## WOMEN continued

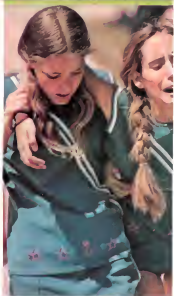
be congratulated on her sporting desire or grit. She is more apt to be subjected to social and psychological pressures, the effect of which is to cast doubt on her morals, sanity and womanhood.

As things stand, any female—the 11-year-old who is prohibited from being a Little League shortstop by Act of Congress; the coed basketball player who cannot practice in her university's multimillion-dollar gymnasium; the professional sportswoman who can earn only one-quarter what her male counterpart receives for trying to do the same work—has ample reasons for believing that the American system of athletics is sexist and hypocritical. There is a publicly announced, publicly supported notion that sports are good for people, that they develop better citizens, build vigorous minds and bodies and promote a better society. Yet when it comes to the practice of what is preached, females—half this country's population—find that this credo does not apply to them. Sports may be good for people, but they are considered a lot gooder for male people than for female people.

Opportunities for women are so limited that it is a cop-out to designate females as second-class citizens of the American sports world. "Most of us feel that being second-class citizens would be a great advance," says Doris Brown. A faculty member at Seattle Pacific College, Brown has devoted 15 years to becoming the best U.S. female distance runner. She has been on two Olympic teams, won six national and five world cross-country championships and set a variety of national and international records in distances from a mile up. Despite her talent and success she has had to pay for nearly all her training and, until recently, all her travel expenses. She was forced to resign from a job at a junior high school because the principal did not believe in women teachers devoting a lot of time to outside athletic participation. She has received far less recognition than male runners who cannot match her record of accomplishment. "Second-class citizenship sounds good," says Brown, "when you are accustomed to being regarded as fifth-class." This is not the whine of a disgruntled individual but an accurate description of the state of things in sports. To document the situation, consider the following:

### MONEY TALKS

- In 1969 a Syracuse, N.Y. school board budgeted \$90,000 for extracurricular sports for boys; \$200 was set aside for girls. In 1970 the board cut back on the athletic budget, trimming the boy's program to \$87,000. Funds for the girls' interscholastic program were simply eliminated.
- New Brunswick (N.J.) Senior High School offered 10 sports for boys and three for girls in 1972, with the split in funds being \$25,575 to \$2,250 in favor of the boys. The boys' track team was allowed \$3,700 last spring, while the girls' squad received \$1,000. This might be considered a better-than-average division of money except that 70 New Brunswick students competed on the girls' team and only 20 on the boys'.
- The Fairfield area school district in rural south-central Pennsylvania is small: 800 students are enrolled from kindergarten through 12th grade. Nevertheless, in 1972-73 the school district budgeted \$19,880 for interscholastic athletics. Of this \$460 was actually spent on girls' sports, \$300 of



PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALTER BOGGS JR.





it on a "play day" in the area and \$160 on a volleyball team, which had a one-month season. Boys in the school district are introduced to competitive sport as early as the fifth grade with the organization of soccer and basketball teams that are coached by members of the high school athletic staff.

- In New York a woman officiating a girls' high school basketball game is paid \$10.50, a man receives \$21 for a boys' game. Throughout the country and with few exceptions, women who coach girls' sports in secondary schools receive between one-third and one-half the salary of men who coach comparable sports for boys. The woman coach often is expected to supervise candy sales, cooking contests and raffles to raise money to purchase the girls' uniforms and pay travel expenses.

There are many communities where tax-supported school systems offer absolutely no athletic programs for girls. In fact, until recently no money was spent for girls' interscholastic sports in two entire states—Utah and Nevada.

- In colleges the disparity between men's and women's athletics is even greater than it is in the secondary schools. At the University of Washington, 41.4% of the 26,464 undergraduate students enrolled are women. However, when it comes to athletics women get only nine-tenths of 1% of the \$2 million the university spends annually on sports. The women's intercollegiate budget is \$18,000 a year, while the men have \$1.3 million to spend over and above the income-producing sports of football and basketball. Despite the enormous discrepancy, the situation at Washington has markedly improved. In 1957 there were no women's intercollegiate athletics at the university. Dr. Joseph Kearney, director of sports at Washington, says, "We want to develop the women's programs that are now in an evolutionary stage." Evolutionary is a clinically accurate term. If the current rate of progress were maintained, women would reach financial parity with men in the year 2320.

- Things are better at Vassar, but hardly as good as one might expect, considering the college's pioneer role in women's education and rights. In 1968 Vassar admitted male students for the first time. There are now 1,400 girls and 700 boys enrolled. Vassar men compete in five sports and have an annual budget of \$4,750. The women have three sports and \$2,060 to spend.

- Since its organization in 1910 the National Collegiate Athletic Association has governed men's collegiate athletics. The NCAA now has an annual operating budget of \$1.5 million and 42 full-time employees. The female counterpart of the NCAA is the Association for Intercollegiate Athletics for Women. It was established only in 1971. Prior to that, there seemed little need for an organization because there were so few intercollegiate women's programs. The AIAW operates on \$24,000 a year and employs one executive (who works part-time) and one assistant.

- In five major collegiate athletic conferences—Southeastern, Big Ten, Big Eight, Southwest and PAC 8—there are 5,000 students on football scholarships alone. These leptimate scholarships (to say nothing of any under-the-table goodies) are worth some \$10 million a year to their recipients. Women are almost totally excluded from the scholarship system which, whatever its deficiencies, is the one used to develop most of our first-class athletes. As many as

*continued*

## WOMEN continued

50,000 men a year earn a college education by playing games. Figures are hard to come by, but it is likely that less than 50 American women hold athletic scholarships and enjoy the benefits—financial, educational, sporting—that these grants provide.

Whatever the small total of women scholarship holders is, it was reduced by one in January 1973 when Cathy Carr, a swimmer who had won two gold medals at the Munich Olympics, had to resign the four-year grant she had been awarded by the University of New Mexico. The reason: she and the astonished university discovered that a woman holding an athletic scholarship was barred from competing in women's intercollegiate events by, of all things, the AIAW.

Recently, Mary Reikstad, the AIAW's lone executive, explained the Alice in Wonderland regulation. "When the AIAW was formed many men told us that scholarships were a bad influence on collegiate sports, that we should avoid making the mistakes they had made and stay out of the mess." On the surface the concern of the admittedly corrupt men for the purity of their female counterparts seems more hilarious than touching—something like a confirmed alcoholic guzzling all the booze at a party to protect the other guests from the evils of drink.

"It might seem that the men were motivated by self-interest," said Reikstad. "But we did not think so. We wanted to protect girls from the excesses of recruiting and exploitation." Last month the AIAW reassessed the situation and decided to drop the regulation. Now women on athletic scholarships can take part in events it sanctions.

- When it comes to pay-for-play situations, unequal scales are established for men and women. As a small but instructive example, one of the leading events of the Northern California tennis circuit is held each May in Mountain View. This tournament is open to men and women and each entrant, regardless of sex, must pay an \$8 fee. About an equal number of men and women compete. However, when it comes to prize money, sex raises its miserly head. At Mountain View the men's singles winner receives \$1,000, the runner-up \$500, the semifinal losers \$150 each, quarter-final losers \$75 each, and the round of 16 losers \$25 each. On the other hand, the women's singles winner receives \$150, and the runner-up \$50. The women receive no other money prizes. There also is a doubles competition for men, but not for women. In all, though they have put up the same entry fee, \$3,000 is paid to men while the women play for \$200. In monetary terms, the Mountain View tournament considers women 15th-class citizens.

- In 1971 Billie Jean King became the first woman athlete to win \$100,000 in a year. During the same year Rod Laver was the leading winner on the men's tennis circuit, collecting \$290,000. To reach her total King won three times as many tournaments as Laver. Last year King captured the U.S. Open at Forest Hills and collected \$10,000. Ilie Nastase was the men's winner and earned \$25,000. At Wimbledon Stan Smith collected \$12,150 for the men's title while King picked up only \$4,830 for the women's. At Forest Hills and Wimbledon the women often draw as many spectators, and sometimes more than the men.

- In 1972 on the Ladies Professional Golf tour Kathy Whitworth was the leading money-winner, collecting \$65,063 in

29 tournaments. In the same year Jack Nicklaus was the biggest moneymaker among the men pros, winning \$320,542 in 19 tournaments. The discrepancy between men and women professionals is even more notable among lesser competitors. The 15th leading money-winner on the women's tour in 1972 was JoAnne Carner, who made \$18,901. The 15th-place finisher among the men, Jim Jamieson, collected \$109,532. Admittedly, the women's tour arouses less interest than the men's, and sponsors feel they receive a better return for their money backing men's events.

- In the Koller Derby it is the women, more than the men, who attract fans and generate publicity. The female star of the Derby is Joan Weston, a superior athlete. She makes between \$25,000 and \$30,000 a year. There are six men on the Derby tour who play the same game in front of the same crowds as Weston, all of whom earn larger salaries. Charlie O'Connell, the leading male performer, is paid twice as much as Weston. When they join the Derby tour, men and women are paid about \$85 a week plus travel expenses. But men's salaries increase more rapidly than women's, and once established a man will receive between \$200 and \$250 a week, while a woman of equal talent makes only \$150.

### BIG BROTHER

- Dr. Katherine Ley, a full professor and chairman of the women's physical education department of the State University College of New York at Cortland, is one of the country's leading physical educators. She long has sought better opportunities for women in sports. At Dr. Ley's university (men's budget \$84,000 a year; women's \$18,000) the situation could hardly be described as one of sweetness, light and equality. For example, the Cortland women's basketball team cannot practice regularly in the main gymnasium, but it is permitted to play varsity games there. Recently one such game ran overtime whereupon, according to Dr. Ley, the men's basketball coach stormed into the gym and told the girls to get off the court because the boys had to practice. The women's coach asked if he couldn't use the field house, explaining that her team was in the middle of a game and had reserved the space. He said he was in a hurry because he had to leave shortly to scout another team. He told the women it was silly to finish: the score was lopsided and it was not even a game. The women docilely left the game unfinished and withdrew.

- The Mission Conference, an eight-team league of California junior colleges, agreed not long ago that women could compete in varsity sports with and against men. Last February in a game against San Diego City College, Ray Blake, the basketball coach of San Bernardino Valley College, took advantage of the new ruling. Leading 114 to 85 with three minutes and 12 seconds to play, Blake sent in a substitute, Sue Palmer. The San Diego coach, Bill Standly, responded by calling time and asking his men, "Do you want to be humiliated any further by playing against a girl?" The team, to a man, said no, and San Diego walked off the court.

- At a parochial high school in Maryland, a girls' basketball team was playing a varsity rival. The game was officiated by the man who serves as athletic director of the host school. As the contest drew toward a close, the A.D., bored and feeling that he could spend his time better else-

*continued*



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## WOMEN continued

where, turned to the timekeeper and, in something less than a whisper, suggested that the clock not be stopped for time-outs, that it be kept running until the game ended. One of the players overheard the conversation and said, "That's unfair." "That, young lady, is a technical foul on you," said the athletic director, ending the argument.

### THE FEMININE MYSTIQUE

• Ron Wied is the football coach at coed Pius XI in Milwaukee, the largest Catholic high school in the state. Wied says, "There is cause for concern among our male coaching staff over the pressure for girls' sports. Facilities are a problem. We've got a boys' gym and a girls' gym. Before, we could use the girls' gym for wrestling and B team basketball a lot more than we can now. I think girls have a right to participate but to a lesser degree than boys. If they go too far with the competitive stuff they lose their femininity. I guess if I had my choice, I'd like to keep boys' teams going up in importance and let the girls stay about where they are now."

• Jack Short is the director of physical education for the State of Georgia school system. Speaking of the physical education program there, Short commented, "I don't think the idea is to get girls interested in interscholastic competition. I don't think the physical program on any level should be directed toward making an athlete of a girl."

• At the Munich Games, Olga Connolly, a female discus thrower, was selected to carry the U.S. flag at the opening ceremonies. Upon learning that Connolly would be the American color-bearer, Russell Knapp, a weight lifter, said, "The flag-bearer ought to be a man, a strong man, a warrior. A woman's place is in the home."

• At Trenton (N.J.) State College the usual man-woman inequality exists, with \$70,000 budgeted for men and only \$15,687 for women. Joyce Countiss, the women's basketball coach, is paid considerably less than her male counterpart, but as far as she is concerned, the day-to-day discriminations are as humiliating as the monetary inequality. "We aren't supposed to sweat," says Countiss fiercely. "The men's uniforms are laundered by the school, but if we want ours clean we wash them ourselves. We have no athletic trainer, the men have one who even travels with the teams. The school has a

training room with whirlpool baths, heat treatments, etc., but women got to use the facilities only in emergencies. The weight room is located in the men's locker room, so naturally we have no access to it. The list goes on and on, but most places are much worse off than we are."

• Susan Hollander is a student at Hamden (Conn.) High School. She had sufficient talent to be a member of her school's varsity cross-country and indoor track teams. There was no girls' team, and she was prohibited by a state regulation from participating on the boys' team. Backed by her parents, she brought suit against the Connecticut Interscholastic Athletic Conference. The case was heard on March 29, 1971 in the Superior Court of New Haven and Judge John Clark FitzGerald ruled against Hollander. In giving his decision Judge FitzGerald stated, "The present generation of our younger male population has not become so decadent that boys will experience a thrill in defeating girls in running contests, whether the girls be members of their own team or of an adversary team. It could well be that many boys would feel compelled to forgo entering track events if they were required to compete with girls on their own teams or on adversary teams. With boys vying with girls . . . the challenge to win, and the glory of achievement, at least for many boys, would lose incentive and become nullified. Athletic competition builds character in our boys. We do not need that kind of character in our girls."

• John Roberts, the executive secretary of the Wisconsin Interscholastic Athletic Association, says many coaches of boys' teams in his state are worried about the increased interest in girls' sports. "The facilities thing will get worse," says one of Roberts' colleagues. "Girls haven't figured out yet how to use the urinals."

#### THE DOUBLE STANDARD

• Last summer a steward at Ellis Park in Kentucky sought to suspend Jockey Mary Bacon for cursing in the paddock after a losing ride. Said Bacon, "They expect a girl to get off a horse and say, 'Nice horse, nice horse,' like in *Nurse of Ferret*. Well, I get mad like everyone else. If I lost a race and didn't cuss, then the stewards might have something to worry about."

• When asked why only women were permitted to coach girls' teams, Ada Mae Warrington, director of physical educa-

tion for women in the Prince George's County (Md.) school system, said, "We have had several instances of a girl assaulting a man. We are trying to protect our coaches."

• In 1971, after a lengthy argument with the New York State Education Department, Katy Schilly was permitted to run on the Paul V. Moore High School cross-country team. After the decision was made, an elaborate security system was set up to protect her. Among other things, a woman had to be present whenever the runner was in her locker room. "Maybe they're afraid I'll slip on a bar of soap in the shower," said Schilly.

Prudery is a major factor contributing to the present low estate of women's sports. This hangup cannot be blamed on our Victorian or Puritan ancestors. Early in this century there was widespread participation by girls in competitive athletics. Baseball, bike racing and track and field were popular pastimes for girls. Basketball was played extensively, and often girls' games were scheduled as doubleheaders with boys' contests. Then in 1923, a national committee of women headed by Mrs. Herbert Hoover was formed to investigate the practice of holding such doubleheaders. The committee was shocked to find girls wearing athletic costumes performing before crowds that included men. Mrs. Hoover and her friends believed the girls were being used as a come-on and that the practice was disgraceful and should be stopped. State after state followed the advice and either abolished all girls' sports or made them so genteel as to be almost unrecognizable as athletic contests.

"When I went to college in the '30s, we were taught that competition was dirty," recalls Betty Desch, head of the women's physical education department of the State University of New York at Stony Brook. Those states that had retained any girls' athletic programs declared that teams should be coached only by women, or else who knows what might transpire. The requirement, still in effect in many states, has stifled the development of competent female athletic programs. While there is no evidence that women cannot be as good coaches as men, it is a fact that there are very few good women coaches. There are obvious reasons for this. Few girls in high school or college have had the same competitive opportunities as men, so they are seldom inspired to take up coaching as a career.

Also, few colleges allow girls to take courses in coaching techniques and theory. Where they can attend such classes, there has been little point in doing so, since once a girl graduates she finds few coaching jobs available, and those that are available pay poorly or not at all. When a school needs a coach for a girls' team, the usual practice is to draft a woman from the physical education department for the job. Through no fault of her own, she rarely has much expertise or enthusiasm for coaching competitive athletics. In consequence, girls in her charge do not learn fundamental techniques, skills and seldom become excited about athletics. Thus the vicious circle is continued.

#### THE SAME OLD STORY

The following letter appeared not long ago in *The Washington Post*:

"Your editorial, 'Growing Up by the Book' (Dec. 1), revealed the harmful effects of stereotyped sex roles on children's books and toys. But it seems that *The Washington Post* is extending this same discrimination to its sports pages.

"Our specific complaint is that girls' high school basketball scores are completely ignored in your paper while boys' high school basketball is given 500-word articles. There are numerous active, aggressive teams from all-girls' schools as well as public schools. Girls' basketball is not a farce, it is an exciting spectator sport with a four-month season that is of interest to thousands of Washington-area students, including boys.

"We suggest that you 'practice what you preach' and print reports on a sport where girls are anything but passive."

• The amount of coverage given to women's athletics is meager and the quality is atrocious. Most of the stories that do appear are generally in the man-bites-dog journalistic tradition, the gist of them being that here is an unusual and mildly humorous happening—a girl playing games. Rather than describing how well or badly the athlete performed or even how the contest turned out, writers tend to concentrate on the color of the hair and eyes, and the shape of the legs or the busts of the women. The best-looking girls (by male standards) are singled out for attention, no matter how little their sporting talent may be. Women athletes are bothered by this, since the insinuation is "at least some of them look normal." It is comparable to a third-

continued

string defensive back being featured on a college football program cover because of the length of his eyelashes or the symmetry of his profile.

• A line (in the sense of being typical) example of women's sports journalism appeared in the Aug. 23, 1971 issue of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*: "A cool, braided California blonde named Laura Baugh made quite a splash—her perfectly tanned, well-formed legs swinging jauntily. The hair on her tapered arms was bleached absolutely white against a milk-chocolate tan. Her platinum hair was pulled smartly back in a Viking-maiden braid." The account had to do with a women's golf tournament. The difference in reporting men's and women's sporting events is obvious.

• Between August 1972 and September 1973 NBC will televise 366 hours of "live" sport. Only one hour of this (the finals at Wimbledon) will be devoted to women. Til Fendenz, manager of sports publicity for NBC, says, "Egad, I never thought about it before. I guess it's not fair." Bill Brendle, his counterpart at

CBS, says, "We don't know if women draw an audience—they might not be saleable." During the coming year CBS will televise some 260 hours of men's sports and 10 hours of women's sports. ABC does not know how its time is divided between men and women athletics, but ABC's Irv Brodsky says defensively, "Women don't play sports."

The paucity and peculiarity of sporting news about females have two effects, both discriminatory. First, girls at all levels of play are deprived of the genuine and harmless satisfaction of seeing their athletic accomplishments publicized. Because the feats of outstanding women athletes are briefly and bizarrely reported, there are few sporting heroines. Boys are bombarded with daily stories about how much fun male athletes are having, how important, dashing and rich they are. The suggestion is made that getting out and playing games—and playing them well—is an exciting and constructive thing to do. Girls have few such models and seldom receive such subliminal messages advertising athletics.

In an informal survey taken for the purposes of this report, nearly all of some 100 high school girls scattered across the country could name 10 male athletes in college or professional sports whom they admired—or at least whose names they knew. But not a single girl to whom the question was put could name 10 prominent women athletes. The sportswoman most often identified by the high school girls was not an American but Olga Korbut, the 17-year-old Russian gymnast (SI cover, Mar. 19) who appeared prominently on television during the 1972 Olympics.

As bad as it is, conventional discrimination has perhaps had less influence on women's position in the sporting world than has another phenomenon that ranges even further. It might be called psychological warfare; its purpose is to convince girls who show an inclination for athletics that their interest is impractical and unnatural. The campaign to frighten girls into accepting notions about their athletic role begins early.

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Carol is 12, an eighth-grade student at a parochial grammar school in Maryland. She is one of the best athletes, regardless of sex, in the school. Last year she was ranked by the AAU among the 15 best high jumpers of her age in the country. She comes by her athletic interests and talents naturally. Her father was a professional basketball player and now is a college coach. In her family, playing games is a way of life. But Carol is discovering that elsewhere sports are not regarded as suitable for girls. And it makes her angry. "At recess," Carol says, "the boys get the softball and kickball fields. The girls have a parking lot and part of a field with holes in it. Sometimes we don't even get that field because Sister keeps us in to wash off tables. She says that is girls' work."

C.M. Russell High School in Great Falls, Mont., has 2,040 students and an excellent girls' athletic program (\$15,000 a year for girls; \$35,000 for boys). Yet even there, the members of a six-girl panel discussing sports were aware of forces putting them in their athletic place.

"There's one thing that really doesn't have anything to do with school," said one girl. "If you've got a brother and he's playing football or basketball your folks are going to drive him back and forth to practice and change dinner hours for him. But if you're a girl, your mother says, 'Be home at 5 to set the table.'"

Early on, girls learn to expect and put up with parental edicts and motivations that the games they play are unimportant. When she is 15 or 16 the campaign against a girl's athletic interest takes an uglier turn, being directed against her appearance and sexuality. The six C.M. Russell girls were attractive teen-agers. Most of them dated boys who were athletes. "The guys on the teams tease us about being jocks," said a tiny little gymnast, "but they are just having fun. They know we work hard and I think they are proud of what we do."

"The mean ones," said a basketball player, "are those who aren't in sports themselves. They don't want to see a girl play because it makes them look bad. They want her to sit in the stands with

them. So they try to put us down. They'll come up in the hall and give you an elbow and say, 'Hey, stud.'"

"Some girls are bad, too," a hurdler noted, "They'll say, 'Aren't you afraid you'll get ugly muscles in your legs?'"

"Girls in sports are more careful about how they look," said the gymnast. "We wear skirts more than other girls because we are worried about being feminine."

Some authorities consider the word "feminine" a derogatory term. "When we say 'feminine,'" says Dr. David Ausler of Slippery Rock State College, "we mean submissive, a nonparticipant, an underachiever, a person who lacks a strong sense of self-identity, who has weak life goals and ambitions."

Grosse Pointe (Mich.) North High School has a far different and lesser girls' sports program than that of C.M. Russell in Montana. There are two official girls' interscholastic sports, gymnastics and track. These are financed by a \$2,200, hopefully annual, grant from a local boosters club. In contrast, boys receive about \$20,000 in school funds. But in at

continued

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## WOMEN continued

least one respect girl athletes are treated better at Grosse Pointe than in many other places. Girls are awarded school letters that they may wear on a sweater. In many other localities, players are rewarded with inconspicuous pins, printed certificates, or nothing. In practice, winning and being able to wear a letter sweater is an empty honor for Grosse Pointe girls. "Not very many girls wear their letter," says Pam Candler, a senior who is the Michigan girls' trampolining champion and was runner-up last spring in the state tennis championships. "Mostly only freshmen or sophomores—because they don't know what the score is."

What is the score?

"Well, a lot of people think it is freakish for a girl to wear a letter sweater. Like she's a jock. I'm kind of proud of the girls who have enough courage to wear them, but I don't. It would make me feel funny. I guess I've been brainwashed."

"I don't like to think that there are male chauvinists, but I guess there are," says Jan Charvat, another gymnast. "It is depressing that we have to act in a certain way just because we're in sports. A girl ought to be free to be what she is, without people cutting her up."

So far as the "social" acceptability of girls' sports at Grosse Pointe, Candler says, "If a girl is great looking, then maybe the guy she is going with likes to see her in sports. If she isn't good looking and popular, sports are not going to help her. In fact they will do the opposite."

Bruce Feigner, the principal of Grosse Pointe North, is not proud of the weakness of his girls' athletic program. However, like so many of his colleagues, he cites the lack of funds as a major reason for the inequality. "Here and in many other communities in Michigan, taxpayer revolts are brewing. It is hard to establish new programs. This admittedly is unjust, but the fault is not entirely or perhaps even principally with the school. The role of girls in sport is determined by society, and until now that role has been an inferior one. There's another practical side to the matter. Grosse Pointe is a very affluent community. If a girl is interested in athletics, the conventional way of developing her skill is to marry a man who has enough money to belong to a country club, a tennis or yacht club."

Feigner's comment may seem cynical but it is perceptive. Except occasionally in track (where the leading female per-

formers are developed in private AAU clubs) the only women's sports in which the U.S. record is respectable, occasionally outstanding, are tennis, golf, skating, skiing and swimming, essentially country-club sports and ones that are considered "ladylike." For the girl who lacks country-club opportunities and inclinations, yet somehow has kept her interest in athletics through high school, the question of what to do next is perplexing. For men, the next stage in the American athletic progression is college, where sporting skills are polished and reputations made. However, college sports presently have little attraction or value for good female athletes.

The woman athlete at the university is made to feel unwelcome and an oddity. Beth Miller is a tall, graceful 21-year-old, by any standards a figure pleasing to the eye. She is also one of the best female athletes in the country, having been the National Junior Women's pentathlon and shotput champion, a standout performer on her Lock Haven (Pa.) State College basketball team, a swimmer, softball player and spelunker. On one weekend last winter, Miller led her basketball team to victory and then hurried to Baltimore where she won the shotput and placed third in the high jump at an AAU indoor meet. Word of her accomplishments was received by a Lock Haven radio sportscaster. The commentator spent maybe 20 seconds describing what Miller had done and ended with the comment, "What an animal she must be."

If a talented woman withstands these pressures and decides to become a serious athlete, she often has to cope not just with insinuations but with slanderous gossip. Jo Ann Prentice is a sharp-tongued, sharp-nosed woman who has earned her living for 17 years on the LPGA tour. Asked about the "social" life on the tour, Prentice replied to the euphemistic question in her soft Alabama drawl. "This is kind of how it is. If you get into town at the beginning of the week and you meet some guy whose company you enjoy and have dinner with him once or twice, the gossips start asking what kind of tripe are these babes on the tour. If you stay at the motel where everybody else on the tour has checked in, then the question is what are those girls doing back in those rooms alone."

The vicious paradox that Prentice outlines—women athletes are either heterosexual wantons or homosexual perverts

or, simultaneously, both—is the culmination of all the jokes and warnings that began when an 11-year-old wanted to play sandlot football with her brothers and was teased, in good fun, about being a tomboy.

As a result, a great many girls simply avoid sports completely. Others try to compromise, accommodating their athletic desires to the attitudes of society. They continue to play games, but play them nervously and timidly, attempting to avoid appearances and enthusiasms that might be construed as unladylike.

The few women who survive the pressure may be scarred in various ways, but there are compensations. Jack Griffin, though he has worked for 25 years in relative obscurity, is regarded by many who know of him as one of the most distinguished athletic coaches in the nation. He has coached boys and girls, from grade-schoolers to post-collegians, in swimming, track, basketball and football. Working only with the youth of the small Maryland city, Frederick, he has helped to develop an inordinate number of national and international class athletes. He has been an Olympic coach and is currently a member of the Olympic Women's Track and Field Committee. "I enjoy coaching both sexes," says Griffin, "but strictly from a coaching standpoint, I have noted one important difference between them. Desire is an intangible quality which you like to see in any athlete. Coaches of men's teams often single out an individual athlete and say his most valuable characteristic is his desire. You seldom hear girls' coaches make this sort of comment. The reason, I think, is that any girl or woman who is very much involved in athletics tends to have an extraordinary amount of desire, not only to excel in her sport but to excel as a person. It is so common with the girls that we tend to overlook it, accepting it as normal. I suppose in a sense it is normal for them. The way things are in this country, any girl who perseveres in sport has to be not only an exceptional athlete but an exceptional human being."

### NEXT WEEK

*It is as if that sports are bad for a woman's health and femininity, that she is not sufficiently skilled or interested to deserve expensive athletic programs of her own. So why spend the money? Old myths and new attitudes are examined in the second of a three-part series.*





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## More Trouble in Mudville

In 1926, with a scandal threatening, Kenesaw Mountain Landis tried to force Ty Cobb and Tris Speaker to retire by LEONARD SHEETER

At the end of the 1926 season the baseball world was shocked by the sudden resignations of two almost legendary player-managers—Ty Cobb of the Detroit Tigers and Tris Speaker of the Cleveland Indians.

Speaker was considered the best outfielder in history. His lifetime batting average was .344, and at the age of 38 he was still going strong. Ty Cobb was considered to be the best baseball player who ever lived. For 23 years he was a terror to the game. He stole 892 bases. His lifetime batting average was .367. Cobb, too, was still going strong, so why the resignations?

Well, it all resulted from a charge made by a former pitcher, Hubert (Dutch) Leonard that in 1919, the year of the Black Sox scandal, Leonard, Speaker, Cobb and Smokey Joe Wood (Cleveland pitcher) had conspired to rig a game.

The four happened to meet, said Leonard, under the stands after the first game of a series in Detroit on Sept. 24, 1919. Cleveland had already clinched second place. Detroit was in a dogfight for third. There was a fair piece of change involved. One thing led to another and, Leonard said, it was agreed that the Cleveland team, since it had nothing to lose, would let the Tigers win the next game. Then it suddenly dawned on them that if they knew who was going to win they might just as well make some money out of it.

"Cobb said he would send a guy named West [who knew how to get a bet down] over to us," Leonard said. "I was to put up \$1,500 and, as I remember it, Cobb \$2,000, Wood and Speaker \$1,000 each. I had pitched that day and was through for the season, so I gave my check for \$1,500 to Wood at the ball park and left that night for Indianapolis, Mo."

Things seemed to go off without a hitch. Detroit jumped to a 4-0 lead in two innings and won easily 9-5. But Leonard didn't make much on the deal. His \$1,500 grew to only \$1,630 because, he was told, it was impossible to get a big bet down on the game.

This was the story that Leonard told Commissioner Kenesaw Mountain Landis—a story that no one in the world would have believed. Except for one thing. Leonard had thoughtfully saved two letters, one written to him by Wood, the other by the great Cobb himself. Wood's letter read:

Dear Friend Dutch:

The only bet West could get up was \$600 against \$420 (10 to 7). Cobb did not get up a cent. He told us that and I believe him. Could have put some at 5 to 2 on Detroit, but did not, as that would make us put up \$1,000 to win \$400.

We won the \$420. I gave West \$30, leaving \$390, or \$130 for each of us. Would not have cashed your check at all, but West thought he could get 10 to 7, and I was going to put it all up at those odds. We would have won \$1,750 for the \$2,500 if we could have placed it.

Let me hear from you, Dutch.  
Joe Wood

Cobb wrote, in part, from Augusta, Ga. on Oct. 23, 1919.

Dear Dutch:  
Well, old boy, guess you are out in California by this time and enjoying life.

Wood and myself are considerably disappointed in our business proposition, as we had \$2,000 to put into it and the other side quoted us \$1,400, and when we finally secured that much money it was about 2 o'clock and they refused to deal with us, as they had men in Chicago to take the matter up with and they

had not time, so we fell down and of course we fell badly over it.

Everything was open to Wood and he can tell you about it when we get together. It was quite a responsibility and I don't care for it again, I assure you.

I thought the White Sox should have won [the Series], but am satisfied they were too confident. Well, old scamp, drop me a line when you can.

Ty

It was not difficult for Landis to confirm the authenticity of the letters. Wood, for one, was quite willing to elaborate. "I told him [Leonard] I did not care to put up as much money as the \$2,500 he suggested," Wood told the commissioner, "but a friend of mine, from Cleveland, said he was willing to take a third of it."

Despite such convincing evidence, Cobb and Speaker turned the air Day-Glo purple with denials. "I told Judge Landis, and I say now," Speaker said, "that I never bet a dime on a game and that I never had anything to do with a game being thrown or knew of a game being thrown." As proof, he offered the fact that he had made three hits in the game and scored two runs. Cobb charged that the whole thing was a case of blackmail on Leonard's part: "I'll stake my record on the diamond and off it against that of any ball player, manager, club president or even Judge Landis. I'm clean and have always been so. . . . I've told everything I know. I rest my case with the fans of the country. The only blame that can be attached to me is that I knew there was betting going on."

If Cobb expected that argument to work with Landis, he was naive. Only weeks before, the Judge had banned poor, drunken Shufflin' Phil Douglas for life because he suggested in a letter that he would leave his team—the Giants—so that Manager John McGraw would win fewer games. Landis' instincts were hardly in doubt. He wanted all four men out of the game. But he knew he had to tread softly. Coming so soon after the Black Sox scandal, a ban on two of the best-known players in the game could have been a disaster.

The development of the case shows how frightened baseball was. In his report Landis said, "This investigation was instituted by the Detroit club of the American League. They had been dealing with Leonard over his claims for money and it was in these conversations

PHOTOGRAPH

# Would you buy life insurance from this young man?

(A lot of people do.)

Wayne Smart, a Great Southern General Agent in Walnut Cove, North Carolina, is a happy young man. He's found a career doing something he's proud of. He's accomplishing something for himself and his clients. He's doing something he enjoys and still has time for his hobbies. He loves to work on several beautiful foreign cars he owns.

Wayne wanted something out of the routine, and a challenge. He's realizing his ambitions as an independent businessman. He uses his imagination and knowledge to help his clients solve the problems of retirement, education and security with freedom from financial worry.

As a Great Southern General Agent, he's a well-trained and thoroughly competent insurance man. He is also successful. Why not call your Great Southern Agent? We think you'll like him.

Perhaps you'd like a career like Wayne's. Why not ask him about it or write Bill Williams, C.I.U., Box 1972, Houston, Texas 77001



**GREAT SOUTHERN**  
*Life Insurance Company*

HOME OFFICE / HOUSTON, TEXAS

# The Lazy Man's Way to Riches

**'Most People Are Too Busy Earning a Living to Make Any Money'**

I used to work hard. The 18-hour days. The 7-day weeks.

But I didn't start making big money until I did less—a lot less.

For example, this ad took about 2 hours to write. With a little luck, it should earn me \$0, maybe a hundred thousand dollars.

What's more, I'm going to ask you to send me 10 dollars for something that'll cost me no more than 50 cents. And I'll try to make it so irresistible that you'll be a damned fool not to do it.

After all, why should you care if I make \$9.50 profit if I can show you how to make a lot more?

What if I'm so sure that you will make money my Lazy Man's Way that I'll make you the world's most unusual guarantee?

And here it is. I want to even cash your check or money order for 31 days after I've sent you my material.

That'll give you plenty of time to get it back if over, try it out.

If you don't agree that it's worth at least a hundred times what you invested, send it back. Your uninvested check or money order will be put in the return mail.

The only reason I won't send it to you and bill you or send it COD is because both these methods involve more time and money.

And I'm already going to give you the biggest bargain of your life.

Because I'm going to tell you what it took me 11 years to perfect. How to make money the Lazy Man's Way.

OK—now I have to bring a little. I don't mind it. And it's necessary—to prove that sending me the 10 dollars, which I'll keep in escrow, until you're satisfied is the smartest thing you ever did.

I live in a home that's worth \$100,000. I know it is, because I turned down an offer for that much. My mortgage is less than half that, and the only reason I haven't paid it off is because my Tax Accountant says I'd be an idiot.

My "office"—about a mile and a half from my home, is right on the beach. My view is so breathtaking that most people comment that they don't see how I get any work done. But I do enough. About 6 hours a day, 8 or 9 months a year.

The rest of the time we spend all our mountain "cabin." I paid \$10,000 for it cash.

I have 2 boats and a Cadillac. All paid for.

We have stocks, bonds, investments—cash in the bank. But the most important thing I have is priceless: time with my family.

And I'll show you just how I did it—the Lazy Man's Way—a secret that I've shared with just a few friends. I'd owe.

It doesn't require "education." I'm a high school graduate.

It doesn't require "capital." When I started out I was so deep in debt that a lawyer friend advised bankruptcy as the only way out. He was wrong. We paid off our debts and outside of the mortgage don't owe a cent to any man.

It doesn't require "luck." I've had

more than my share, but I'm not promising you that you'll make as much money as I have. And you may do better, I personally know one man who used these principles, worked hard, and made 11 million dollars in 8 years. But money isn't everything.

It doesn't require "talent." Just enough brains to know what to look for. And I'll tell you that.

It doesn't require "youth." One woman I worked with is over 70. She's travelled the world over, making all the money she needs, doing only what I taught her.

It doesn't require "experience." A widow in Chicago has been averaging \$25,000 a year for the past 5 years, using my methods.

What does it require? Belief. Enough to take a chance. Enough to absorb what I'll send you. Enough to put the principles into action. If you do just that—nothing more, nothing less—the results will be hard to believe. Remember—I guarantee it.

You don't have to give up your job. But you may want to make so much money that you'll be able to Once again—I guarantee it.

The wisest man I ever knew told me something I never forgot. "Most people are too busy earning a living to make any money."

Don't take as long as I did to find out he was right.

I'll prove it in you, if you'll send in the coupon now. I'm not asking you to "believe" me—just try it. If I'm wrong, all you've lost is a couple of minutes and an 8-cent stamp. But what if I'm right?

## Sworn Statement:

"I have examined this advertisement. On the basis of personal acquaintance with Mr. Joe Karbo for 18 years and my professional relationship as his accountant, I certify that every statement is true." (Accountant's name available upon request.)

## Bank Reference:

Southern California First National Bank  
17142 Beach Blvd.  
Huntington Beach, California 92647

Joe Karbo  
47105 South Pacific Dept. JB8-A  
Sunset Beach, California 90742

Joe, you may be full of beans but what have I got to lose? Send me the Lazy Man's Way to Riches. But don't deposit my check or money order for 31 days after it's in the mail.

If I return your material—for any reason—within that time return my unopened check or money order to me. On that basis, here's my ten dollars.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

1973 Joe Karbo

## Mudville

that Leonard made the charges against Cobb, Speaker and Wood." It was a long time before Landis was called in, because the American League didn't want him. It did not want any noise. Just as Charles A. Comiskey, owner of the White Sox, did not want the Black Sox convicted (none of them were), the American League did not now want to mar the reputations of two great heroes. The letters were strong stuff, however, and there was no keeping Landis out. The problem now was to minimize the noise.

Landis' solution was to allow Cobb and Speaker to resign their jobs "for personal reasons." Since Wood, by now a baseball coach at Yale, and Leonard were already out of the game, that would solve the problem in the quietest way. Indeed, when he made his deadpan statement to the press, Landis said that since all four were out of baseball there was no need for him to take any action.

This bland solution, however, failed to account for Cobb's arrogant personality. If it was going down he would take baseball with him. He threatened a suit. He threatened to reveal other skulduggery. "I could say a few things about fake turnstile counts and juggled ticket-counting practices by major league owners," he said later. Baseball was frightened of the courts. Its reserve clause was always open to legal challenge. The evidence against the players was good, but it might not stand up in court. There wasn't much Landis could do. On Jan. 27, 1927 he capitulated.

"These players had not been, nor are they now, found guilty of fixing a ball game," Landis announced. "By no decent system of justice could such a finding be made. Therefore, they were not placed on the ineligible list."

In his autobiography Cobb wrote later: "I'll reveal something here never before told. That famous Landis 'verdict' was dictated to him by attorneys representing Speaker and myself." Whatever its authorship, the verdict made it possible for Cobb to play baseball with the Philadelphia Athletics in 1927 for \$70,000. Speaker went with the Washington Senators. Cobb played two years and was joined by Speaker in Philly in 1928. Cobb hit .357 and .323 those last two years. Speaker finished with .327 and .267. No matter what is said about Cobb and Speaker no one will ever say they couldn't hit. **END**



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**STOLICHNAYA**

(Stöl-itch-naya)

imported Russian vodka

...probably the finest vodka in the world

The only vodka produced and bottled in Russia, distilled of grain neutral spirits and imported at 80 and 100 proof by  
Monsieur Henri Wines Ltd., New York



# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

## THE COVER

Sirs:

Come on now. With Secretariat winning the Kentucky Derby in record time, the Knicks defeating the Lakers and Ernie D. having a shoot-out with the Russians, where did you find the guts to make Mark Spitz' marriage your May 14 cover story?

DAN RUBINER

Rocky Hill, Conn.

Sirs:

Thank heaven my May 14 issue was delivered before lunch. Had it arrived after I had eaten, your cover would have been that much harder to take. How could you expose that overexposed countenance while hiding a magnificent photograph of Secretariat on pages 20-21?

PAUL PELLICCI

New York City

Sirs:

Mark Spitz may be worth \$5 million, but Secretariat is worth \$6 million. He should have been on your cover.

MARK WESTERHOLT

Buffalo

Sirs:

Personally, I would rather look at pictures of Walt Frazier stealing the ball or Wilt Chamberlain performing his finger roll or Jerry West floating in for a layup than see Mark Spitz hugging his wife, standing in front of his glorious poster and gawking at his fabulous videotapes. Spitz has already ruined his image, and you certainly aren't helping yours.

JOE VOLEN

Merrimac, Wis.

Sirs:

It would seem that SI has changed its priorities in cover stories from sporting achievements to social jargon. That was the poorest choice for a cover story I have ever seen. Will Bobby Orr be your June Groom when he weds Ms. Peggy Wood?

GEORGE F. HENK

Cambridge, Mass.

## THE LEGEND

Sirs:

Ever since he returned from Munich, Mark Spitz has been put in an unfair situation (*On Your Mark, Get Set, Sell*, May 14). When are people going to realize that Spitz is a champion swimmer—the best in the world, for that matter—and that he should be applauded as such. He is not a Hollywood actor or an intellectual. He did his thing better than anyone else, and anything extra he receives as a result can only be en-

vied, not put down. Take him for what he is, not for what he should be.

JERRY M. BLUESTEIN

Beverly Hills, Calif.

Sirs:

After reading your article on the legendary and mercenary Mark Spitz, I became disappointed by his attitude of cashing in on his medals. In fact, I got so disgusted that I threw out my Schick razor and stopped drinking milk. Perhaps Mark is not at fault but merely as the mercy of his agents.

STUART C. TENTONE

Des Moines, Texas

Sirs:

I had begun to wonder if all who wrote about Mark Spitz were biased, so it was good to see that one writer has researched his material and gone into his story with an open mind. Jerry Kushenbaum showed the reason for Spitz' arrogance toward the press: the press has done an exceedingly thorough job of ridiculing Mark. Kushenbaum also showed that there is more substance to Spitz' character than a cursory glance reveals. Many thanks for presenting Mark as the shy, sensitive person he is.

NANCY PAPAIOPOULOS

Springfield, Mass.

## THE OTHER MATCH

Sirs:

It was a heartwarming experience to see Bobby Riggs smash Mrs. Margaret Court (*Mother's Day*, *Ms. Match*, May 21). Now if only Notre Dame would return to its all-male institution. . . .

PAT KAISER '74

JAMES LEWIS '74

JAMES CLARK '74

SCOTT GOVNIK '74

JACK ANDRYSZEK '73

Notre Dame, Ind.

Sirs:

Having watched the Mother's Day mismatch, I have one comment. Women's tennis is the biggest athletic joke since golf, the fat man's copout, was designated a sport.

JEFF MEYER

Gallup, N. Mex.

Sirs:

I was embarrassed. I felt as though I were watching a man beat up a woman and was unable to do anything about it.

RICHARD K. BOYD

Columbus, Ohio

Sirs:

Can you conceive of a young Bobby Riggs telling his father of his burning ambition to

be the ladies' singles champion of the world at age 55? It may be one-sided logic, but after all, if you knock out the heavyweight champion of the world, you inherit the title until somebody else wins it. Margaret Court won her titles before she was 30. It took Riggs 55 years. What is he trying to prove? And to think people paid to see it.

JOHN J. SAUNDERS

Wilton, Conn.

Sirs:

The Margaret Court-Bobby Riggs tennis match proved a lot of things. Among them, that Bobby Riggs is a very good tennis player and Ms. Court is a beautiful lady with a lot of guts who had a bad day.

MICHAEL M. TORBERT

Alexandria, Va.

## RED FACES

Sirs:

Considering St. Louis' horrendous early going, some kind of SI coverage was mandatory (*It's Enough to Make a Man See Red*, May 14). Overlooked or unmentioned in your article, however, was the fact that the St. Louis organization has traded away a championship team. Aside from Steve Carlton, the Cardinals have dealt away Richie Allen, Bobby Tolan, Jerry Reuss, Jose Cardenal, Cookie Rojas, Vic Davallillo and others, not to mention Curt Flood. By now even Gusie Busch must be crying in his beer.

JOE LENIUS

Chicago

Sirs:

After constant exposure here in the Bay Area to doomsday predictions for "The Year of the Young Giants," I welcomed your recent article lauding San Francisco as a good young contender in the National League West. Now, hopefully, a hint of negative prognostication will also bring about "The Year of the Young Cardinals" in the National League East. Although many places on the St. Louis roster are held by unknown players, the Torres, Brooks and Gibsons, who remain, always seem to have a settling effect. It is only May now, and the real marbles come up for grabs in October. Look for the young Cardinals to be near the top. If they don't cop it all this year, watch out next year. Remember what happened in 1964.

J. L. PATRICK

Oakland

Sirs:

Thank you for the article on the St. Louis Cardinals. It even made the San Diego Padres look good!

KIRK HOWARD

San Diego

continued





High wire artist demonstrates Torino's incredibly smooth ride



Just released:  
Gran Torino 2-door  
hardtop with new Luxury  
Decor Package

**It took a lot more than a smooth ride to make  
Ford Torino the best selling car in the mid-size field.**

**The closer you look, the better we look.**



Surprising luxury in a mid-size car. Picture above is the interior of the Gran Torino with Luxury Decor Package



Optional AM/FM stereo  
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Torino's instrument panel. All gauges are easy to read, controls within easy reach of driver.



Front disc brakes are standard on Torino. Power front disc brakes optional.

Behind Torino's smooth ride are better ideas in engineering. Like angle mounted shock absorbers for increased directional stability. Rubber body/frame mounts that help isolate the passenger compartment from road shocks. And a coil spring rubber insulated front suspension that minimizes noise and road vibration.

Inside you'll find more room up front. Plus the kind of luxury you'd expect from high priced automobiles.

So take a good, close look at Ford Torino for '73. Discover why it's become the best-selling car in the mid-size field.

**The solid mid-size car.**

**FORD TORINO**

FORD DIVISION



Optional electric rear window defroster. (Torino's major competitor doesn't offer it.)



Torino offers optional steel-bellied radial ply tires on all models.



A longer wheelbase and wider front and rear track than major competitor, for a smooth, stable ride.



## The dry martini It started with Fleischmann's.

The martini didn't taste like this until 1870. The year that Charles Fleischmann made the dry martini possible by creating the world's first dry gin. Today, the Fleischmann martini tastes drier because it's still made with the driest gin in the world.



**Fleischmann's. The world's driest gin since 1870.**

DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN • 80 PROOF • THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORP. N.Y.C.

### 18TH HOLE *enlightened*

#### SPEED AND TEAMWORK

Sirs:

Congratulations are in order to Photographer James Drake for being the only person to have captured Roadrunner Ivan Courtney this season (*Putting a Soggy Pat Chicago*, May 14). Courtney is a deserving winner of the Conn Smythe Trophy and is now, more than ever, the most exciting and colorful player in professional hockey.

JAY A. BLUSTEIN

Metuchen, N.J.

Sirs:

Mark Mulvey was right in his article on the Stanley Cup finals to emphasize the speed and fast pace of hockey and not the brutality aspect. Fans don't score goals, but speed and teamwork do.

MIKE CHAMBERS

Toledo

#### EMPTY CUP

Sirs:

I am completely disgusted. How could you do such an injustice to the New England Whalers and the people of New England? When the Boston Bruins were eliminated by the New York Rangers, you gave that series an appropriate two-page article. Fine. Gave credit where it is due. Then the Celtics were shot down by the Knicks, and a four-page article followed. O.K. The people of New England still had a chance for a championship and on Sunday, May 6, we got it.

After the Whalers' decisive triumph over the Winnipeg Jets, I eagerly awaited the arrival of the May 14 issue, envisioning a well-written article of at least one page and maybe a picture of Larry Pleau scoring his clutch hat trick in the last game or even a shot of Teddy Green joyously drinking champagne out of the cup. What did New England get? A measly 27 lines in *For the Record* and one tiny sentence in the article about the Canadians and the Black Hawks.

Come on, SI, wake up! The Whalers make hockey history by winning the first WHA championship, and you treat it as if it were a grudge match between two water buffalo. In the name of thousands of disappointed New Englanders, I protest.

CHARLOTTE MCATIE

Kearse Falls, Maine

#### A DIFFERENT GAME

Sirs:

While watching our U.S. college basketball stars play the U.S.S.R. aggregation, I began to wonder why the American team must be subjected to such dirty tactics under the international rules of the game. Why must our players have to resort to such a crude and demeaning style? It seems to me that since basketball is an American invention and since it was introduced to the other nations of the world by Americans, the rules

*continued*

# 38 helpful answers to 38 key questions about life insurance.



*The  
Life  
Insurance  
Answer  
Book*

"What is the difference  
between whole life  
insurance and term life?"

"Just what is the  
cash value of a policy?"

"Can I receive a regular  
income from my life  
insurance policy while  
I'm still living?"

"How do I choose a life  
insurance agent?"

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We know that you probably don't understand as much about life insurance as you'd like to.

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with 42 color and 100 b. & w. ill.  
This dazzling volume is the only  
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See your TV GUIDE for local time and station

### 10TH HOLE

of the game, primarily the ones by which our  
colleague game is now governed, should be  
as we set forth, not as they are interpreted  
by some international committee.

Let the foreign teams raise their level of  
competition to our standard, instead of mak-  
ing our teams lower their style of play to ac-  
commodate the brutish and roughness in man-  
ner in which most foreign teams operate.

ALLEN E. HIRSH

Columbus, Ohio

Sirs,

After seeing the U.S.-U.S.S.R. basketball  
games, I nominate Willie Lanier, Dick But-  
kus, Tommy Nobis, Alan Page and Merlin  
Olson to play in the next Russian encounter.  
Mike Curtis would be a great sixth man and  
Alex Karras could coach. Frankly, interna-  
tional basketball brings the finesse and sub-  
tlety of an Atlatl to the game. Given the same  
circumstances, George Foreman would cover  
up in the corners and Derek Sanderson  
would turn to field hockey.

PHILIP G. DECKER II

Anderson, Ind.

Sirs,

Those of us who watched the U.S.-  
U.S.S.R. basketball confrontation on May 7  
witnessed a classic illustration of what the  
dunk shot can do for the game. The crowd  
was on the edge of its seats watching the pass-  
ing, dribbling and shooting of Ernie DiGre-  
gorio, but what really brought the fans to  
their feet were the successive dunks of Mar-  
vin Barnes and Swen Nater. The dunk is the  
most thrilling play in basketball. It demands  
neither from the excitement and skills of the  
good little man nor from the beauty of the  
floating jump shot. Put the dunk back into  
college ball. Give us back the biggest play.

JOHN A. E. HUMPHREY

Oxford, Ohio

### OBSESSION

Sirs:

I was very pleased to see your article on  
shotgutter Al Feuerbach (*The Magazine of*  
*Obsession*, April 30). It shows that not all  
world-famous athletes are in sport for the  
money. Al even drives a 1964 car. It seems  
that Feuerbach is one of a new breed of ath-  
letes. He has long hair and a mustache. Let  
he not't out to knock the Establishment!

DAVE MINGO

Princeton, Mass.

Sirs,

Your article on Al Feuerbach was stim-  
ulating. I, too, see a new type of athlete  
emerging—one who sees his life as an art and  
builds his very existence accordingly.

My girlfriend of four years thought the ar-  
ticle was interesting, also. So interesting, in  
fact, that she dumped me because she  
thought both Al and I were more concerned

continued

# Titleist's Corrective Action VS. other heel and toe irons.

In countless tests, our new irons have proven themselves superior to all other heel and toe clubs.

The reason for Titleist's superiority: the two tungsten inserts are precisely

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We programmed a mechanical golfer to hit thousands of shots the way you hit them: some on the sweet spot, some high on the face, some low, some on the heel and toe. The chart below shows that Acushnet's Titleist iron with Corrective Action\* consistently delivered more effective shots, with less loss of distance and accuracy, than irons with simple heel and toe weighting.

Ask your pro to let you try out one of our irons against clubs with simple heel and toe weighting... even much higher priced clubs. You'll see what Titleist's Corrective Action can mean to your game. At Acushnet, we're out to improve your game.

**ACUSHNET GOLF EQUIPMENT**  
Sold thru golf course pro shops only

Suggested retail price: \$275, until 9/30/81

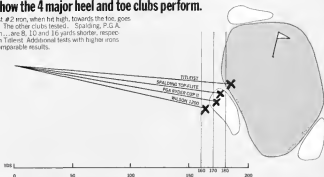
\*Patent Pending

**When the mechanical golfer hits the ball here...**



**...here's how the 4 major heel and toe clubs perform.**

The Titleist #2 iron, when hit high, towards the toe, goes 180 yards. The other clubs tested... Spalding, P.G.A. and Wilson... are 8, 10 and 16 yards shorter, respectively, than Titleist. Additional tests with higher irons showed comparable results.



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Feminine...*  
DISTINCTIVELY  
**CROSS**  
SINCE 1886

CROSS Classic Ladies' Writing Instruments in 14 Karat Gold Filled and Sterling Silver with top grain leather Pen Pouch  
Pen or Pencil \$12.00 Set \$24.00

#### 10TH HOLE

with our "unique style of life" than with anyone else.

Somewhere, that "magnificent obsession" (that is, obsession with self) does not seem quite so magnificent to me any longer.

LOUIS ARMSTRONG

Minneapolis

#### LOYALTY

Says

We greatly enjoyed Frank Deford's article about Joe Garagiola, baseball-player-turned-celebrity (*It's Not the Game*, April 9). We especially liked the comparison made between Garagiola and Harry Chit, baseball-player-turned-obscure. Being trivia buff as well as baseball fans, we naturally have adopted Harry Chit as our idol and have dedicated ourselves to obtaining for Harry the recognition that such a charismatic 238 hitter truly deserves. The culmination of this worship occurred last Nov. 16, when the four of us traveled in a one-car Citizens for Chit Motorcade from Urbana to Kincaid, Ill., Harry's birthplace, for the Harry Chit 40th birthday celebration. The fact that Harry had evidently moved from Kincaid at a tender age and was only vaguely remembered by two elderly gentlemen did not deter our ceremonies, and we continued with a speech on the steps of the high school to a massed throng of zero. It is heartening that we now have Frank Deford and St. as allies in our Harry Chit crusade.

BRIAN O'CONNOR  
KATHY RUSMAN  
DAVID KOLTUN  
BOB MULLER

Urbana, Ill.

#### NAMES

Says:

Every once in a while I notice in your SCORECARD section items under the heading "Names, Please." I thought I would add some trivia that might interest you. In this area I played basketball at South Georgia Junior College in 1966-67. During this period we had players on our roster with the following names: King, Green, Blizard, Rabbit, Greengrass and O'Rourke. Our student manager's name was Montjoy. Once, while our team was playing in a tournament at Florida State, a spectator, upon seeing our names on the backs of our warmup jackets, approached our coach and said: "There is no way a human being can be tagged with a name like Rabbit, and how did a good Irishman like O'Rourke end up playing with people who have those kinds of names?"

DARREY RABBIT

Statesboro, Ga.

Address editorial mail to **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**,  
Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New  
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**just \$2  
and  
Whoosh!**

Without effort, without fuss, and without corkcrows our **cork-air** removes the most stubborn and firmly seated cork in seconds! It uses safe air pressure (two strokes on the piston does the job). There is nothing to replace and no CO<sub>2</sub> to spoil the taste of your precious LaBle Rothschild. Our catalog lists **cork-air** at \$4.95. But, if you are a deal may care type, and used to making lightning decisions, you may have this delightful gadget FOR JUST \$2. How? Just send us your check and we'll rush it to you. But that isn't all. In addition we'll also send you a \$2 Gift Certificate. Impress your friends with **cork-air**. Send your check today, before we withdraw this crazy offer. Please, only one per customer. Allow 4 weeks for delivery.

☐ Please send me **cork-air** forthwith. My check for \$2.50 (\$2.00 plus \$ .50 for postage and insurance - California deliveries please add \$ 1.00 sales tax) is enclosed.

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# Can you spot the Camel Filters smoker?



© 1973 R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.



Won school essay contest with "The Art of Pre-Mental Dancing." Gimmick, 200 mm holder to balance his 100 mm cigarette.  
**2.** No, it's Rah-Rah Mendelson, ex-cheerleader, Gimmick. He's wearing it. Smokes whatever he finds in his pouch.  
**3.** No.

At class reunions almost everybody has a gimmick. Try picking the one who doesn't go along.

**1.** Nope. He's Don Wand. He's Moe Menhum, alias "Stone Hands" for dropping passes. Just dropped statue of school mascot. **4.** T. Derous, school bore Gimmick. His voice, off-key contralto. Smokes oval cigarettes (he set on his soft-pack and liked it). **5.** Curley Giffey. His hair was voted "Most Likely to Recede." Gimmick. Staples toupee on Also staples his roll-your-owns. **6.** Right. He's still his own man. Likes his cigarette honest, no-nonsense, too. Camel Filters. Easy and good tasting. **6a.** Kicky Vill, mascot. Has eyes only for Mendelson (see 2 above).

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**Camel Filters.**  
**They're not for everybody**  
 (but they could be for you).



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

20 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report FEB. 73.